

A N
A P O L O G Y

For the LIFE of

Mr. The' Cibber, Comedian.

BEING A

Proper Sequel

TO THE

A P O L O G Y

For the LIFE of

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, Comedian,

WITH

An Historical View of the STAGE to the
Present YEAR.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

In the Style and Manner of the POET LAUREAT.

— Of all the Assurances I was ever guilty of, this of writing my
own Life is the most bawdy; impudent is what I should have said.
Through every Page there runs a Vein of Vanity and Impertinence,
which no French Ensigns Memoirs ever came up to: My Style
unequal, pert, and frothy; lewd and pompous; cram'd with Epithets;
strew'd with Scraps of second-hand Latin; aiming at Wit with-
out hitting the Mark: My Subject below all Pens but my own,
which, whenever I keep to, is flatly dar'd by one eternal Egotism.

COLLEY CIBBER'S Life, p. 26, 27.

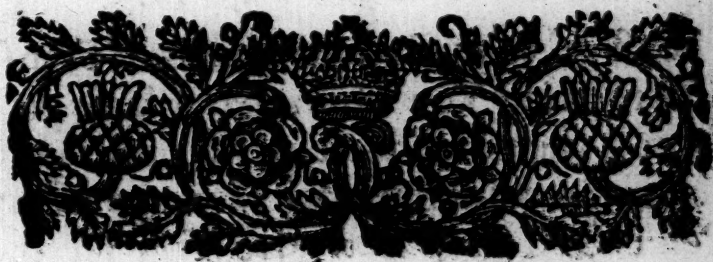
— Sequitur que Patrem non passibus Æquis.

DUBLIN:

Re-printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER,

M DCC XLI.





T O A

Certain Gentleman.

SIR,

BECAUSE I know You do not love to see your Name in Print, imagining it is us'd in some impertinent Satire, though I was now writing the daintiest *Dedication* of any modern Author, yet I would chuse to conceal it.

Let me talk then just as it comes into my Head about You and to You this Way; let me tell You of what I will, or how I will, You are under no Necessity of taking it to Yourself: Nor when

I boast of your Excellencies and Transactions, need You blush that I have perform'd them in such a Manner as to claim the complimentary Homage of my Pen : Or I may now give You all the Attributes that raise a cunning, intriguing Man to the highest Offices and Employments, and not be censur'd as one of your *hireling Advocates*, either by my own or your Enemies. — I place my own first, not because they are the greater Number, but as in the *Ceremonialia* of Heraldry, the most insignificant Personages begin the Pomp, to introduce those of more elevated Consequence, I mention'd my Enemies first, to introduce the Mention of yours. — Yours (and such you have, for they are not so well-bred as not to declare themselves) have carried on long, though successful, Attacks against You : And, *Sir*, give me Leave to compare my little Self to your great Honour, as there is no Hazard or visible Terror in an Attack upon my defenceless Station, my Censurers, like Yours, have been Persons of an intrepid Sincerity : But I shut the Door against
them

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them all, while I am thus privately talking to You, and have little to apprehend from either of them.

Under this Shelter then, I may safely tell You that the greatest Reason I have had to publish this Work, has arisen from the several Performances which I publish'd last Summer, and which you had Goodness enough to patronize: How far indeed your good Nature to a *young Politician*, or your Reluctance to put the Vanity of one of your *new Authors* out of Countenance may have carried you, I cannot be sure: And yet Appearances give me stronger Hopes. For was not the Complaisance of a whole Summer's Sufferance, to imploy my Talents in your Service, as much as an Author of more Importance ought to have expected: — Why then was he desir'd by Mr. *P-ot-n* to write second *Gazetteers*? Or, why was I kept in the Service, to tell more of the same *Stories*? — If these Employments have made me vain, shall I say, *Sir*, you are accountable for them? — No, *Sir*, I will rather say that my own Forwardness,

wardness, and dashing through thick and thin, recommended me to the Notice of your Supervisor-General, for *Gazetteering* and *Pamphleteering*: Or rather so far flatter myself, as to suppose it possible, that You having been a Patron and Lover of Master *Walsingham* and Dame *Osborn* (and one of those good Judges, who know the Use and Value of such Writers, under a right Regulation) might incline You to think my Labours and Lucubrations of more Consequence than they may naturally be to others of different Sense, who may have less Concern or Taste for them. But be all this as it may, As for this *Apology* for my Life, I have written it not only to shew my own Parts, and illustrate my own Story, but I have decorated it, with several Remarks, Political, as well as Theatrical, and explain'd the Meaning of some of my Writings, which were dedicated to your Service. Now, *Sir*, as my apologetical Brat is born, rather than see it starve on bare Parish-Provision, I chuse clandestinely to drop it at your Door, that it may exercise one of your
many

many Virtues, your Charity, in supporting a very dull Dog of an Author.

Now, *Sir*, were the World to know into what Right Honourable Hands I have thrown the following History, their Regard to its Patron might incline them to treat it as one of his own *Family*. — They might say such Things of it, as may be improper for me to mention. — For this Reason I conceal your Name, as that must necessarily lead me to descant on a Subject which might be ungrateful to your Ears; for I am at characterising Friend or Foe, a very Devil at my Pen. — In consciousness therefore of what *I am*, I chuse not to say what *You are*. — I leave that for other Historians, and for Posterity to relate. — However, as your Equals in Rank have done publick Justice to your Character, the Concealment of your Name may be an unnecessary Diffidence. But am I, *Sir*, of Consequence enough, in any Guise, to do Honour to *Sir* —? Were I to set You, *Sir*, in the most true Lights that your Actions deserve, or
your

your own Likeness requires; yet my officious Mite would be lost in that general Character and Regard which People of the first Consequence, even some of all Parties, even some of your *own Dependants*, have a Pleasure of speaking of in Private. Encomiums to Persons in your high Station, are liable to the Suspicion of *Flattery*, and can add little Lustre to what before was visible to the Publick. You are cloy'd, without Doubt, by such Offerings: You have them almost daily offer'd up to You in publick and in private; at your *Levee*; at the *T——y*; at the *Drawing-Room*, and *Lobby* of the *Senate-House*; besides the zealous Ejaculations which are offer'd for your Service in an inimitable Paper which is distributed throughout the Kingdom *gratis*. — But these Offerings, like *Pagan Incense*, evaporate on the Altar, and rather gratify the *Priest* than the *Deity*.

But You, Sir, are approach'd frequently and oft in Terms of *Common Sense*; The honest Oblation of Hearts which
have

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have just Sense enough to mix Reason with Accufation. How really true, or whether the Zeal of such Devotees of *Common Sense* are false, I shall not here examine: But, Sir, was I admitted, with all my laughing Spirits about me, to be my idle Self, and to write what I could write on that Subject, I should surely be distinguish'd by You from a Parcel of *dull Set of Rogues*, whom your good Nature and Charity induce You to believe are *Wits*. This Nakedness of Temper the World may place in what Rank of Vanity they please; but till Wisdom shall point out a Way to make me more heartily happy than your Favours, I am content to be gaz'd at as your Creature, as I am, without lessening my Respect for You, and laugh at those whose Intellects may be more soberly cover'd.

Yet, Sir, I will not deceive You; it is not the Lustre of the Power You possess, the immenseness of your Fortune, your Figure in Life, and the *just Rewards* for your Services, which you had rather deserve

deserve than be told of, that have made my plain honest Heart hang after You; these are but incidental Ornaments that may be of Service to You; but my particular Esteem has risen from a mere natural and more engaging Charm. — The agreeable Rewards which You confer on your Creatures. — Nor is my Vanity so much gratify'd in the Honour, as my Convenience in the Delight of such pecuniary Felicities. To see You lay aside your Superiority, and confer with a mean Author, give him Instructions, and Gold, * 'tis then I taste You! then Life runs high! I desire! I possess You!

Yet, Sir, it must be a farther Share of Pleasure to look on You with the publick Eye, and view your Integrity. — This, Sir, is a Theme

*Si mihi sint centum Linguae, sint oraq;
centum.*

Had I an hundred Tongues this Theme to raise,

Had I an hundred Mouths, — to mouth thy Praise,

Those

* Vide G. Gibber's Dedication.

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Those Tongues, these Mouths, that Praise
cou'd never tell
How You can All, and e'en Yourself
excell;
 None but YOURSELF can be your
 Parallel.

When I consider You in this View, and
 in the Height of Power, I could rejoice
 mightily for You and Myself, to see *You*
 in this particular Light of Glory, and
Myself admitted to reflect the Beams of
 it throughout *Great-Britain*.

If this *Apology* for my *Life* discour-
 ages You not to prevent my Design, I
 have some Thought of writing an *Apo-*
logy for *Yours*: I think myself equal to
 the Subject, and should be proud if You
 would, by this Exercitation of my Ge-
 nius, suffer me to approve myself,

S I R,

July 1.
 1740.

Your most obedient,
 most oblig'd, and
 most humble Servant,

T. C.

In the Press, and speedily will be published,
by the Printer hereof,

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of familiar Letters from a beautiful young Damsel to her Parents. Now first published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes. — A Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth and Nature ; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of curious and affecting Incidents, is entirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only tend to inflame the Minds they should instruct.

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A N

APOLOGY

(For the Life of

Mr. *The-----Cibber, &c.*

CHAP. I.

The Introduction.——Reason for writing an Apology.—The Author's Birth and Family.—A promising Genius.—Sent to Winchester School.—An Occurrence there.—A Digression on Vanity and Ambition.—Of Systems of Philosophy, &c.

AMONG all the Foibles incident to human Nature, none take a stronger Possession of the Soul of Man than *Ambition*. There are, indeed, sundry Ways and Arts to gratify this lofty Passion, which though it may divide itself into different Channels, yet, from the same Source various Streams take their Rise.—My Readers may be surpris'd at my setting out with so philosophical an Apothegm; but it is a very proper Introduction to the following *Apology*, as it was from an innate Thirst of Am-

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bition

bition that I undertook to publish these *Memoirs* of my own *Life*: Some witty smart Gentlemen may call it *Vanity*: With all my Heart; and to deal ingenuously with them, I frankly confess it was that Species of Ambition which by hereditary Happiness descends to me, call'd *Vanity*.--A *Vanity*! for what? cries a more grave Annotator: To shew there are two Coxcombs in a Family? Must there be two Apologies for the Lives of two Fellows no one car'd a Halfpenny for?—Why, perhaps merely to signalize myself, or perhaps to imitate the laudable Steps of my worthy Parent, or perhaps to defend my Conduct from some publick Reproaches; I have thought proper to make an Apology for my Life; and surely among the Majority of the World this Attempt will stand uncensur'd, as they will be ready enough to allow the Life of no Man stood more in Need of an Apology than mine. And to shew my Readers what a candid impartial Person I am, I will, in this Disquisition of myself, bring my own Heart to the Bar, and try it without Favour or Affection: I shall consequently betray much Folly, and talk much of myself, but I have very great Examples to authorize such a Liberty. Old *Mich. Montaign* it seems in his Essays tattled more about his own queer Body and Mind, his Cat, and an old Woman, than all the World beside; so much had he set his Heart upon *himself*. The ingenious and modest Mr. *Colley Gibber* has outdone *Montaign*, and not only talked a great deal of *himself*, but has set so great a Value on *himself*, that after being so long known, he will not let any one know what he really is, under a less Consideration than a *Guinea* *. But in these *Memoirs* of my humble

* Since this was wrote, the Apology is sold for 2 s. 8 d. in Dub.

humble *Self*, I shall, at a cheaper Rate, take the Liberty to illustrate my Way of Thinking, Writing and Acting, both as to my theatrical and private Life, by the Apology which he has made for his own; nor can I think the Publick will be displeased to see what Kind of a Parallel will be drawn between a Father and Son, who have on many Occasions so remarkably distinguished themselves.

*Nam vitiiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*

I shall therefore conclude this Introduction to my Story in his Words; "Upon an honest Examination of my Heart, I am afraid the same Vanity which makes even homely People employ Painters to preserve a flattering Record of their Persons, has seduced me to print off this *Chiaro Oscuro* of my Mind,"---But as he hopes immediately after, that no one will expect a Man of his *hasty Head* should confine himself to any *regular Method*, I am in equal Hope that no Method, or Connexion, or Regularity will be expected from mine; I shall also make *Digressions* in my Memoirs, when I think they begin to grow too *heavy*, for the Readers *Digestion** for *Digressions* it seems are in this Kind of Writing what Eggs are in a Pudding, they *lighten* the Composition, and render it more palatable and digestive. This is my Apology, and the best Apology I can make for becoming my own *Biographer*.

I come to that customary and important Point in all Histories of *Great Men*, their *Birth*, *Parentage*, and *Education*. So great a Curiosity is there in Mankind to be informed of these Particulars,

* *Vide C. Cibber's Life*, p. 4.

that almost every revolving Moon produces illustrious Memoirs of *Heroes* and *Heroines*, whom dire Destiny has allotted to a fatal End. As these Records are to preserve their Memories from more than *Lethæan* Oblivion, every minute Circumstance of their entering into the first *Scenes* of Life are related; the Name of the Parents, their *Trade*, and *Calling*, and whether they sent them to *School*, and had them instructed in *Reading* and *Writing*, are told with great Fidelity. These Things, on mature Deliberation, may seem very trifling, and of no Signification to the World, whether they were known or not.---Very true.—But yet there is such an Avidity in human Nature for trifling, that these *Tyburnian* Memoirs are read by the *Great Vulgar*, and the *Small*, with no little Delectation. Was there no other Excuse than this Humour of Mankind, I know not how I could let my *Birth* be pass'd over in Silence; but the Excuse my Father has made before me must stand for mine, which is what my Brother *Bayes* makes *Prince Prettyman* say in the *Rehearsal*, viz. *I only do it for fear I should be thought Nobody's Son at all.* ---Though I cannot think I use this *Theatrical Wit* with a Force equal to that which he quoted it; for the Publick having long known my Father, they have unanimously paid him a Compliment which all Fathers have not paid them, viz.——*That I am my Father's own Son.*---But whose Son's Son I was; guess from the following Extract, from the *Apologist* I imitate.---His Paragraph of *Lineage* runs thus:

“ I was born in *London*, on the 6th of *November*, 1671, in *Southampton-street*, facing *Southampton-house*. My Father *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, was a Native of *Holstein*, who came into Eng-
land

" land sometime before the Restoration of King
 " Charles II. to follow his Profession which was
 " that of a Statuary, &c. The *Basso-Relievo* in
 " the Pedestal of the great Column in the City,
 " and the two Figures of the Lunaticks, the *Ra-*
 " *ving* and the *Melancholy*, over the Gates of *Beth-*
 " *lehem-Hospital*, are no ill Monuments of his
 " Fame as an Artist. My Mother was the Daugh-
 " ter of *William Colley*, Esq; of a very antient
 " Family of *Glaiaston*, in *Rutlandshire*, where she
 " was born. My Mother's Brother *Edward*
 " *Colley*, Esq; (who gave my Christian Name)
 " being the last Heir-Male of it, the Family is
 " now extinct. I shall only add, that in *Wright's*
 " *History of Rutlandshire*, published 1684, the
 " *Colleys* are recorded as *Sheriffs* and *Members of*
 " *Parliament* from the Reign of *Henry VII.* to the
 " latter End of *Charles I.* in whose Cause chiefly
 " *Sir Anthony Colley*, my Mother's Grandfather sunk
 " his Estate from three thousand to about three
 " hundred Pounds *per Annum*.

Although I am very far from laying any Stress
 on the Pomp of Heraldry, and a long Scroll of
Family Descents, for well I know my Pedigree, tho'
 traced, (as I doubt not but it might be) to *Wil-*
liam the Conqueror, will confer no intrinsic Value
 on me; for conscious I am, that any Regard to
 my Being, must be beamed only by the Rays of
 Virtue; yet, in *simple Truth*, I must confess, that
 I think I owe something to having good Blood in
 my Veins.---For a *Latin Poet* justly says;

" *Qui viret in foliis venit a Radicibus humor,*

" *Et Patrum in natos abeunt cum semine mores.*

Which I thus venture to translate,

The Leaves their Verdure from the Roots receive,

And Sou's their Children have the Parents give.

Every one who has read *Horace* knows,
Fortes creantur Fortibus, &c.

—*Still from the Valiant are the Valiant sprung.*—

I need make no Application; but if *Valiant*,
 why not *Witty*?

These Scraps of *Latin* may seem very unnecessary for *some*; they might still seem more unnecessary, had not I translated them, for *others*. However, I cannot think them in the least *Bagatelle*: They introduce very properly, the next Thing I was to mention, which was my *Education*: Nay, when I have given such a Proof of it, as to quote *Latin* and translate it, I think no farther need be given: But however, as in my *Apology* I would be like another *Apologist*.

—*Longo sed PROXIMUS Intervallo,*—

I shall follow his Manner.

About the Year 1716, or 1717, I was sent by my Father to *Winchester School*, in order to be elected into *Winchester College*; for it seems, by my Father's Mother's Side, I was descended from *William* of *Wickham* the Founder.—In what Branch I am ingenuous enough to say I know not, yet from my Soul I condemn that vile Insinuation which a *certain Counsellor*, at a *certain Trial*, made, that it was by some *collateral Branch*, as *William* of *Wickham* was a *Churchman* at a Time when *Matrimony* was not allow'd of.—The Inference is evident.—But I will be bold to say, that glittering, glaring, glistering—*Wit wou'd Flash*, is as unjust as *unmannerly*.—It equally affects all those educated in *Winchester College* (as well as he—who was intended to be educated there;) as descendants from the *Founder*.—But to return,—In this School I received

ceived the first and last Rudiments of Learning, as my Father did his at *Grantham* in *Lincolnshire*; but if he has more Learning than me, it is to be observed, he went from the lowest Form to the highest, and I did not proceed above half the Way: Yet this Analogy appears between us.——He says,

* “ Even there I remember I was the same inconsistent Creature I have been ever since, always in full Spirits, in some small Capacity to do Right, but in a more frequent Alacrity to do Wrong.”—Just such a Creature was, have been, and am—am I.—He gives us as the first remarkable Error of his Life, † jesting and jeering and joking on a School-fellow. I have also been thrash’d unpity’d for the same Thing; but such Circumstances, even tho’ my *Father’s* Pen was to relate them, may be thought damn’d ridiculous. Be it enough that I was always eager of Fame and Glory, and making an *Ecclarisement* about the Town: I lov’d to make an Appearance, and remember in some extraordinary Adventure, the taking another Boy’s *lac’d Hat* to wear, occasioned me much *posterior Anxiety*. But *Vive Hodie* was my Motto.—Some immediate Satisfaction of my Passions, which were always varying, sometimes to *Dress*, sometimes to *Eating* or *Drinking*, &c. was my Desire from an *Infant*; and I am afraid some charitable Folk may say, I retain too much of the same Temper now I am a *Man*.—

I very well remember, when I was a Child, I took an ambitious Liking to a *scarlet Cloak* with *Gold Trimmings*, and wept most resolutely for the same, which was the only Means I could think of for coming at my Ends; but my Mother counterplotted

* *C. Cibber’s Life*, p. 5.

† *Ibid.* p. 6.

terplotted me, and brib'd away my Pride with a crooked Six-pence : And indeed in those Days I would have drop'd my most towering Aims for a Lump of gilded Ginger-bread, or a Custard. Sometimes a Goosberry-Tart would cure a furious Fit of *Ambition*. ——— Once I remember, when I had thrown myself on the Ground with a Resolution to *die*, because my Father would not give me a *Horſe* to ride, and manage as I thought proper, being then full five Years old ; but my Mother cur'd this *Ambition* by ſhewing me a Pair of new white *Gloves*, and a Handful of *Cherries*.

I cannot paſs by without throwing out ſome farther Reflections on theſe *boyiſh Tricks*, “ * whether
 “ flat or ſpirited, new or common, falſe or true,
 “ right or wrong, they will be ſtill my own, and
 “ conſequently like me, ; I therefore go on to
 “ ſhew as well the Weakneſs as the Strength of my
 “ Underſtanding.”

By a *Digreſſion*, therefore, to make this Tittle Tattle ſit *light* on a Reader's *Digeſtion*, I draw a Moral from it. ——— Ambition, or Vanity, when uppermoſt, is bad for either Man or Child ; and as it makes Children naughty, it makes Men Children.

I have often thought my childish Ambition for a *ſcarlet Cloak*, of the ſame Stamp as we often meet with in higher Life : It is the ſame Principle which ſwells the Hearts of the Great, as puff'd up mine, and if a due Regard to Nature be obſerved, it will be allow'd ſo. For Inſtance, If a Man of the firſt Quality, as the Duke of ——— I had almoſt nam'd his Title ——— But, I ſay, ſuppoſe a Man of the firſt Quality, who had liv'd to about his thirtieth
 Year,

Year, despising to be distinguish'd by any publick Gewgaw, opposing a Minister, from a Supposition of his being an evil one, should all of a sudden run bowing to that Minister's *Levee*, desert his Party, break with his Relations, and turn as great a Slave as any he despis'd——Would not any one think there must be some great Power of Reason to cause so surprising a Change? But what if it should be Ambition? Would they not think something very *august* was the Object of his Soul? But if, after all, it was only a *Red Coat*, would not his Caprice of Ambition prove as ridiculous as mine for a *Red Cloak*? —— I could illustrate my other childish Appetites by more Examples, were I not afraid the Partiality might give Offence to my Court Friends; for however like my Passions and some great Mens may, in fact, be, it is not my Interest nor Duty to make the Comparisons—— *Ex Pede Herculem*.

—— However, I may observe that the Variety of my Desires in my *Childhood* (for there was a Time when I was a Child) are such as are to be observ'd daily among Mankind: I have known a young Gentleman of Fortune set out with all the *hey-day* Expences of the Mode; yet when he found himself over-weigh'd with Appetites, he grew restless, kick'd up in the Middle of the Course, and turn'd his Back upon his Frolicks: I have also known a very witty young Fellow become a very grave Man, and yet, when he was in Company, and was call'd to it, could still make himself the FIDDLE of it.

If I were capable of Envy, this last Gentleman's Character would incline me to it; for to be wise, and at the same Time merry, is a State of Happiness in Perfection. “ * When I speak of Happiness,

“ I

“ I go no higher than that which is contain’d in
 “ the World we now tread upon ; and when I
 “ speak of being merry, I don’t simply mean what
 “ every Oaf is capable of, but that Kind of Mirth
 “ which is not more limited than recommended
 “ by that indulgent Philosophy,

“ *Cum Ratione insanire.* “

These Sentiments of my Philosophy I have express’d in the Words of that great Author whom I imitate, and of whose Sect I confess myself a Disciple : And I will here observe to the Reader, that through the whole Course of these *rhapsodical Memoirs*, I shall quote from that incomparable *Apologist* whatever may equally allude to *myself* ; not only as my mean Style cannot reach his *Daintiness* of Expression, but as this Method will the better shew what an *Analogy* there is between us.—The Readers who are candid will say,

Juxta positi magis lucescunt.

But as to my Philosophy ; for this is making a Digression in a Digression.—I remember a merry, laughing, witty, complaisant Fellow, who was always the most obsequious humble Servant of some Man of Fortune or other, compar’d himself once to a Philosopher, and the Founder of a new Sect : It was honest *Gnatho*, in one of *Terence’s* Plays, who said all the Followers of his System should be call’d *Gnathonici*. — I know not but from my Father’s *Apology* some new Philosophers may arise, and Posterity not give a proper Title to their Sect, therefore I here mention that all who are of our Opinion may distinguish themselves by the Name of CIBBERIANI — To be a reasonable *Madman* is what I always would be, tho’

I have too often been said, *insanire sine Ratione*----
 Some may say that I had better not be mad at all :
 — But as my Father charmingly says, — Is
 this a Time of Day for me to leave off my Fooleries,
 and set up for a new Character ? Can it be worth my
 while to waste my Spirits, to bake my Blood with serious
 Contemplations, and perhaps impair my Health in the
 fruitless Study of advancing myself into the better Opi-
 nion of those very——very few wise Men, who may
 think different from me. No ; the Part I have acted
 in real Life shall be all of a Piece.

—————*Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit—————

I can no more put off my Follies than my Skin : I have
 try'd, but they stick too close to me ; and when I have
 seen others, whose Rank and Fortune have laid a sort
 of Restraint upon their Liberty——I have softly said
 to myself,——Well, there is some Advantage in having
 neither Rank nor Fortune !——Give me the Joy I
 always took in the End of an old Song :

My Mind, My Mind is a Kingdom to me.

Let the World call me any Fool but an uncheerful
 one ! I live as I write ; while my Way amuses ME, it
 is as well as I wish it.——The Man whose break'd
 Passions know no Motion seems to be in the quiet State
 of a green Tree ; he vegetates 'its true, but shall we
 say he lives ?

O expressive Description ! This is the *ratione in-
 sanire* in the very Style ; incomprehensibly sublime.
 ——O dainty Simile ! A Tree, when it is green,
 and vegetates, and flourishes, cannot be said, in our
 Philosophy, to live.——Reader take heed ! for I
 have a strong Impulse to talk impertinently, and
 shew myself in all my Lights.——Here I could
 draw

draw an imaginary Monarch, and dress him in all the Mockery of Greatness, with all the cumbersome Robes of Majesty, with all the Devastation of Ambition in his Thoughts, till my Imagination was heated and fatigu'd in dressing up a Phantome of Felicity ;——and what then ?——Why prove he was not half so happy a Fellow as myself.

Let them be Converts to the *Cibberian* Sect who will ; our Founder does not impose these Laws, but follows them *himself*, and is followed by *myself*.——If we are misguided, it is Nature's Fault ; We follow her, and reason good.——Nature has distinguish'd us from the Brute-Creation by our *Risibility* :

Homo animal Risibile est.

Her Design was, by our *Os Sublime* (our erected Face) to Lift up the Dignity of our Form,

*God gave to Man an upright Face that he
Might view the Stars*————

[Corner of an Almanack.

From this System, we may justly style ourselves *natural* Philosophers.

But nevertheless, without divine Assistance, be we never so wise or foolish, we cannot reach this merry Felicity : So that all my *Parade* and *Grimace* of Philosophy, has been only making a Merit of following my *own Inclination*——A very natural *Vanity* !——But this *Vanity* does not impose on me——*Vanity* again !——However think it, Reader, *Vanity* or not *Vanity*, or *this*, or *that*, or *other* that has drawn me into this *copious* Digression, it is now high Time to drop it.——After playing the Philosopher in this Manner, I shall now return to *School* again.——A Place where some of my *Wit*
wou'd

wou'd Enemies may say would be very proper for me; but as I have forestall'd their Jest, none but the dullest Rogues will pretend to make it.

C H A P. II.

He that writes of himself not easily tir'd. Boys may give Men Lessons. — Wrongly satiriz'd. — On Satire. — Wrote generally for Bread. — His Thoughts and Behaviour when satiriz'd, &c.

AS my Pen is running over the Paper to form this Sentence, I am smiling, *Sir Reader*, to think what an odly contented Coxcomb I am to set myself down to write this *Apology* for my *Life*: But you know nothing gives a Coxcomb so much Pleasure as to talk of himself, which sweet Liberty I am now enjoying — This Pleasure none but Authors as vain as myself can conceive. — But to my Story.

However little worth Notice the Actions of a *Schoolboy* may seem, yet as they act on the same Motives as Men, their Consequences are worth observing, because it is some Kind of Satisfaction to behold in what Degree the Dawn of a Genius first appear'd. For this Reason *Mr. Colley Cibber* * tells you, that at School he made an Oration on King Charles the II's Death, when all the Boys in his Form, out of Modesty, thought such a Performance above his Capacity, and was laugh'd at, and jeer'd, and hated as a pragmatistical Bastard: For this Reason he acquaints you, that with the least Restraint to Modesty,

* *Vide Apology, p. 20.*

deſty, he did what would have frighten'd a Boy of a meek Spirit from attempting. — He made an *English Ode* on King *James's* Coronation, and made it in half an Hour. — “ The very Word *Ode*, “ then adds he, makes you ſmile, and ſo it does me, “ not only becauſe it ſtill makes ſo many poor Devils “ turn Wits upon it, but from a more agreeable “ Motive ; from a Reflection that for half a Cen- “ tury afterwards I ſhould be call'd upon twice a “ Year, by my Poſt, to make the ſame Kind of “ Oblations.” — Here the Reader ſees, in the *Puris Naturalibus*, that Dawn of Genius which *baſhful Modeſty* could never reſtrain from writing, and who ſtill makes ſuch *Odes*, which all the poor Devils of Wits cannot put him out of Conceit of — But to myſelf —

I cannot ſay that among my School-Fellows I made any great Figure, or raiſed their Envy by any learned Compoſitions ; yet, I knew not how it was, I had then an innate Kind of Propenſity to Scribbling ; and without any partial Flattery to myſelf, I can affirm I choſe, or rather accidentally ſtruck into one Species of Writing, in which I was not only then without an Equal, but have remain- ed ſo ever ſince.

Here, perhaps, I may again ſeem vain ! But if the Facts are true, how can I help it ? If I have a tolerable Feature, will not that as much belong to my Picture as my Imperfection ? In a Word, the Story is this.

While I was at *Wincheſter*, there came ſome Prize-Fighters from the *Bear-Garden* at *London* ; and as I was always fond of *Heroes* and martial Deeds, I introduced myſelf into the Company of theſe Knight-Errants of the Blade : It happen'd that however brave the *Heroes* were, they were not very

very learned : In truth they could neither write nor read. It was on this Occasion that they desir'd me being a better Scholard, (Prize-fighters Language) to pen their *Challenges*, which they instructed me to indite. -- Here I gave the first Demonstration of my Parts ; for having been us'd at *London* to read Playhouse Bills, and hear Tragedies, my Father being Master of a Playhouse, I wrote their Bills of *Challenge* with such Art, and express'd the Heroes Thoughts in such magnanimous Phraze, that they alarm'd the Soul of the Reader, and rous'd up a greater Desire for a Gladiatorial Spectacle than all the Drums in *Christendom*. —

These Challenges of my inditing had wonderful Success ; the People were amaz'd at the swelling Pompousness of the Heroes Language, and consequently imagined that those who were terribly courageous with their *Pen*, must be very *Lions* at the *Sword* : But alas ! it is one Thing *Scribere*, and another *Agere* : Their Valour did not near equal the Nobleness of my Description ; for the Battle they fought was a sham one — However, they returned their grateful Acknowledgments to me, and I was Author of all their Challenges, which, with much Art, I diversify'd during their whole Stay.

Well says some grave Annotator, who has not heard some private Anecdotes of my Life, what do you infer from this Tale ? — Hear another, and take the Inference of them both together — Some Space of Time had elaps'd since my Heroes of the Blade left *Winchester*, when a Company of Hireling Actors arriv'd. I soon made myself known to them, and was accordingly admitted to their Rehearsals : One Morning I casually took up a Paper, which was a written Bill of the Perform-

mance they were to exhibit in the Evening. I immediately found there was something deficient, or at least something that might be alter'd to raise the Expectation of the Populace, and bring a better Audience to the House: I communicated my Thoughts very freely to the Master of the Company, and shew'd such an *uncommon Genius* for writing and composing a *Play-house Bill*, that, with a complaisant Bow, he intreated me to write theirs. I comply'd with his Request, and wrote them in such a *promissory Way*, (a Way which has been since call'd *Puffing*) that they engross'd the Attention of the Town, and by an attractive Quality, brought them several good Audiences. — I cannot pass by one Thing; the Master of the Company, and his *Roxana*, were of an ambitious Spirit, to indulge which, I ordered their Names to be printed *six Times* as large as any of the Rest of the Performers: An Article of *Stage-Vanity*, which I have since most frequently practis'd with much Glee of Heart and Pomp-Magnificent.

Now to apply these Stories: from such small Beginnings, my Genius soar'd to an unequal Height; and I have had, for this Species of writing, no one hardy enough to become my Competitor in Fame. With a pleasant Recordation of Mind I think what Praises were bestow'd on the Advertisements, and the Bills of the *Bear-Garden*, while I had, for some Years, the *Honour* of writing them: They were attributed to my Pen, and the most partial Witling that ever pretended to be arch upon me, would allow that in this I was imitable. — I shall not mention what Degree of Excellence I have arriv'd to in *Theatrical Bills*, and *Advertisements*, and *Puffs*, and *Paragraphs*: My *Modesty* will not suffer me to give to *Posterity*,

in these Memoirs, what the present Age says of them: Be it enough, that there is that *Something* in them which no one can hit but *myself*.

From what I have mention'd, I would observe this; that wherever there is Merit there is a heavy Tax laid on it; Envy and Malice will demand a considerable Share of the Praise which is due to you: However great my Success has been in the Species of Writing, I have describ'd above, yet it has rais'd me many Enemies; Persons who cannot bear to see any shining Parts in another, without endeavouring, by a Cloud of intervening Darkeness, to eclipse them. The little Genius that I have, and which hereditarily descends to me from a paternal Source of Wit, has often occasion'd me, in the very Spring-time of my Life, to become the But of witless Censure and Invektive; and the same Reason makes me frequently the Object of Raillery in publick Coffee-houses and publick News-Papers. But as the greater Poll of Mankind would rather vote for Censure than Commendation; Satire has a thousand Readers where Panegyrick has one; therefore when I see my Name, or Characteristick for my Name, in a Journal or Pamphlet, I look on it as an Artifice of the Author to get a Dinner: He considers that my Face and Name are more known than many thousands of more Consequence in the Kingdom; that therefore, right or wrong, a Lick at poor THE', or the *Young Captain*, or *Ancient Pistol*, or by what other Name soever they please, to dignify and distinguish me, will be a sure Bait *ad captandum Vulgus*, to catch little Readers, and gratify the Unlearn'd.

—— In almost these very Words the *Laureat Apologist* makes his Complaint, on being satiriz'd with his Name at length by M. *Pope* —— And

I must add, that as Mr. *Pope* (for let him be as great a Satyrift as he will I am not afraid to speak out) for the Sake of the *Science*, satiriz'd the inculpable Mr. *Cibber*. It was for that Reason, and that Reason only, that M. *Cibber's* Son must be mention'd in his Rhymes——What else could provoke him to say,

——*Shall Cibber's Son without Rebuke,
Outswear a Lord?*——

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

—Well they may say what they will of the *Cibbers*, but it must be a Proof they have something very singularly exquisite in their Ways and Manners, when their very Names carry a Joke in them—But this Detraction of these Retailers of Wit is most admirably compar'd to * *Dung* “ thrown
“ upon a Meadow, though it may at first seem to
“ deform the Prospect, in a little Time it will
“ disappear of itself, and leave an involuntary
“ Crop of Praise behind it.” To cope with such Antagonists would be ridiculous; for as the same Author wittily says, “ Would my bearing ill Language from a Chimney-sweeper do me less
“ Harm, than it would be to box him, though I
“ was sure to beat him.”

As no Wit or Criticism can make me worse than I am, no serious Reply I can offer will make me better. I have indeed sometimes been induc'd to give publick Answers, and publick Appeals; but I think in my own Judgment, and by experimental Knowledge, that such a Proceeding is wrong: It is more eligible to be severely strict to the Principle laid down by Mr. *Cibber sen.* which is to join in the Laugh against *myself*, and honestly say

say of myself all may be said against me. What he says on writing an Apology for his Life, * is the Motto to mine; nor can I add any Thought of my own to so just and impartial a Description.—It may be said, that this being before Hand with the Wits, is all Affectation in me, and my giving myself Airs of shewing myself my Father's own Son, is too true to make a Jest of.—He quotes a Line on such an Occasion, † *Cinna* (or *Gibber*) *Videri Pauper vult, & est Pauper.*

“ *When humble Cinna cries,—I'm poor and low,*

“ *You may believe him—He is really so.*

I shall give the *Latin* Line a different Turn.

*The Cibbers both themselves dull Rogues declare,
But what they say in Jest, in Truth they are.*

Yet after all, what can all the Squirts and Pop-guns of Jest and Raillery avail against the seven-fold Shield of *Confidence* and *Contempt*?

*My Soul is like an ample Shield,
Can take in All, and Verge enough for more.*

Who can make me more ridiculous than Nature has made me? If then, Sir *Critick*, you attack this Apology to expose me, take Care you don't expose yourself; if you write to shew your Parts, and Genius, and all that, why, you are as errant a Fool and Coxcomb as me †; “But perhaps you
“ may want Bread: If that be the Case, even go
“ to Dinner in God's Name: whatever you intend me as a Disfavour, will fly back into your
“ own Face, as it happens to Children who squirt
“ at their Play-fellows against the Wind.”

When a Person of any Spirits and Genius once gets into a Dissertation on himself, he is a good while

* *Vide* Motto.

† *C. Gibber's* Life, p. 27

‡ *Ibid.*

while before he can get to the End of the Chapter; the pleasant Subject steals imperceptibly upon him, nor ever thinks he, while he is not weary of writing, any one else may be weary of reading: I was saying to shew a Contempt for low Wit, and to laugh at it yourself was the readiest Way to take thee off the Laugh.--Now, Reader, if you are not tired, I'll tell you a *Story*.—If you are,—lay aside the Book, and come again when you have a better Appetite.

In that Year when the Stage fell into great Commotions, and the *Drury-Lane* Company asserting the glorious Cause of *Liberty* and *Property*, made a Stand against the Oppressions in the Patentees. In that memorable Year when the Theatric Dominions fell in labour of a *Revolution*, under the Conduct of *myself*, that Revolt gave occasion to several Pieces of Wit and satirical *Flirts* at the Conductor of the Enterprize. I was attack'd, as my Father had been before me, in the publick Papers and Journals; and the burlesque Character of *Pistol* was attributed to me as a real one. Out came a Print of *Jack Laquerres*, representing, in most vile designing, this Expedition of ours, under the Name of the *Stage Mutiny*; in which, gentle Reader, *your humble Servant*, in the *Pistol* Character, was the principal Figure. This I laugh'd at, knowing it only a proper Embellishment for one of these necessary Structures to which Persons only out of Necessity repair.—But now comes the grand Attack; a Summer Company was at this Juncture performing at *Covent-Garden Theatre*; and our Transactions, and my Character, were thought worthy to be represented on the Stage. Accordingly a young Spark, who was just come from *Trinity-College* at *Cambridge*, to set up for an Author in

in Town, and who had just before wrote a Farce call'd the *Mock - Lawyer*, thought this a proper Time to exercise his *Genius*. To work he went, and *Pistol* was to be his Heroe : A Farce was wrote and perform'd, and the Bent of it was to ridicule poor *me* : Tone of Elocution, my buskin Tread, my Elevation of Countenance, my Dignity of Gesture, and expressive Rotation of Eye-balls : In short, all my Manner was burlesqu'd, and a mock Pomp of Words, which were a Parody of Tragedy Speeches, and *Pistol's* Bombast run through the Character.—This I will say, the *Thing* was so well tim'd, and the Person who mimick'd me did it so well, that it succeeded far beyond any the least intrinsic Merit that was in it.—But where am I again digressing?—How d'ye think I behav'd on this Occasion? I knew if there was any Thing smart upon me the Audience would very readily laugh at it, and indeed at a Rehearsal I thought some Things smart enough.—What then did I, but plac'd myself in one of the Side-boxes, in the full Front of the House, and was resolv'd, like *Cibber's* self,

'Sblood to stand them all.——

Epilogue to *Nonjuror*.

Well, the Scene open'd, and on *Pistol's* appearing there was a thundering Clap, and all the Eyes in the House converted on *me*; every Sentence that hit at *me*, the Joke was heighten'd by looking at me, who laugh'd as much at *them*, and the *Poverty* of the *Author's* Wit, as the Author or the Audience could possibly do at me, but seem'd only to join the Chorus, and laugh for mere good Humour. Towards the last Scene the Author had introduced a Sale of theatric Goods, and one of the

Properties

Properties put up to be dispos'd of, -was APOLLO's crack'd Harp, and wither'd Crown of Bayes.—Upon which a Character on the Stage reply'd,—Oh! pray lay that aside for Mr. Pistol, he will claim that by hereditary Right.—This immediately put the whole House in a Roar,—and *Encore, Encore*, was all the Cry.—Here the whole Pit stood up and look'd at me.—I join'd the laughing *Encore*, and in the Repetition of the low Witticism, clap'd heartily.—This joining with the Humour of the Multitude, could give them no Pleasure; and what signifies being a little severe on one's Self, to prevent other People's being so.—This was my Way of Thinking:

Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me.

*This Art profound, this happy Thought,
My good, my modest Father taught.*

I am always proud to shew in what Steps I trod:
Read the next quoted Paragraph.

“ * In the Year 1730 there were many Au-
“ thors, whose Merit wanted nothing but Inte-
“ rest to recommend them to the vacant laurel,
“ and who took it ill to see it conferred on a Co-
“ median, insomuch that they were resolv'd at
“ least to shew Specimens of their superior Preten-
“ sions; and accordingly enliven'd the publick
“ Papers with ingenious Epigrams, and satirical
“ Flirts at the unworthy Successor. These Papers
“ my Friends put into my Hands with a wicked
“ Smile, and desired me to read them fairly in
“ Company. This was a Challenge I never de-
“ clin'd, and to do my doubty Antagonists Jus-
“ tice, I always read them with as much impar-
“ tial Spirit as if I had writ them myself: While

“ I was thus beset on all Sides, out steps a poeti-
 “ cal Knight-Errant to my Assistance, who was
 “ hardy enough to publish some compassionate
 “ Stanza's in my Favour. These, you may be
 “ sure, the Raillery of my Friends could say I had
 “ written to *myself*. To deny it I knew would
 “ have confirm'd their Suspicion : I therefore told
 “ them since it gave them such Joy to believe them
 “ my own, I would do my best to make the whole
 “ Town think so too. — As the Odness of this
 “ Reply was, I knew, what would not be easily
 “ comprehended, I desir'd them to have a Day's
 “ Patience, and I would print an Explanation to
 “ it. To conclude, in two Days after I sent this
 “ Letter, with some doggerel Rhimes at the
 “ Bottom.“

To the Author of the Whitehall-Evening-Post.

S I R,

“ **T**HE Verses to the *Laureat* in yours of Sa-
 “ turday last, have occasion'd the following
 “ Reply, which I hope you'll give a Place in your
 “ next, to shew we can be quick as well as smart,
 “ upon a proper Occasion : And as I think it the
 “ lowest Mark of a *Scoundrel* to make bold with
 “ any Man's Character in Print, without sub-
 “ scribing the true Name of the Author ; I there-
 “ fore desire, if the *Laureat* is concern'd enough
 “ to ask the Question, that you will tell him my
 “ Name, and where I live ; till then I beg Leave
 “ to be known by no other Name than that of,

Your Servant,

FRANCIS FAIRPLAY,

Monday, January 11, 1730.

These

These were the Verses.

I.

*Ah! Hah! Sir Coll. Is that thy Way,
Thy own dull Praise to write?
And wouldst thou stand so sure a Lay?
No, that's too stale a Bite.*

II.

*Nature and Art in thee combine,
Thy talents here excel;
All shining Brass thou dost outshine,
To play the Cheat so well.*

III.

*Who sees thee in Iago's Part,
But thinks thee such a Rogue,
And is not glad, with all his Heart,
To hang so sad a Dog.*

IV.

*When Bayes thou play'st, thyself thou art
For that by Nature fit,
No Blockhead better suits the Part
Than such a Goscomb Wit.*

V.

*In Wronghead too thy Brains we see,
Who might do well at Plough;
As fit for Parliament was He,
As for the Laurel Thou.*

VI.

*Bring thy protected Verse from Court,
And try it on the Stage,
There it will make much better Sport,
And set the Town in Rage.*

VII.

*There Beaux and Wits, and Cits and Smarts,
Where Hisping's not uncivil,
Will shew their Parts to thy Deserts,
And send it to the Devil.*

VIII.

*But Ah! in vain 'gainst thee we write,
In vain thy Verse we maul!
Our sharpest Satire's thy Delight,
For ——— Blood! thou'lt stand them all;*

IX.

*Thunder, 'tis said, the Laurel spares,
Nought but thy Brows could blast it;
And yet, ——— Oh curst provoking Stars!
Thy Comfort is, thou hast it.*

These doggrel Verses I have quoted with the same Design as the *Laureat* publish'd them in his *Apology*, to shew you his particular Cast of Temper, and consequently from what Fountain I have deriv'd mine. I cannot lose this Opportunity of mentioning another *Analogy* between us: As in our Tempers there is a peculiar Similitude, so there is in our Faculties in Writing.* He has too bold a Disregard for that *Correctness* which others set so just a Value on; ——— and when he speaks any Thing that delights him he finds it difficult to keep his Words within the Bounds of common Sense ——— Even when he writes, the same Failing gets the better of him, and Instances that well-known Expression of his, That *Mrs. Oldfield* out-did her usual Outdoings ———

D.

Now

Now have not I in all my Writings, shewn a thorough Disregard for pedant Correctness : In all my Speeches on the Stage, have not I, in the fullness of my Heart, broke through all Bounds of *Common Sense* ? — Yet, I must confess, though I have given many flat Writers Occasion to be brisk upon my general Style, I was never so floridly happy as to make one single Expression a Standard Jest for ten Years together : I never hit on a Verb with so pleasant an Accusative after it, as could have such an Effect † ; *for wherever the Verb OUT-DO could be brought in, the pleasant Accusative OUT-DOING was sure to follow it ; and, Deries repetita placeret*, says the Apologist. — It has been said of this very Sentence, that the pleasant *Accusative outdoing* is Nonsense, as it is not Grammar — But pray let me ask such Pedants, Is there not a *Licentia* of a *Quidlibet Audendi*, which all great *Genius's* claim ? — Let cold phlegmatic Writers, like dull Pack-horses, keep to the beaten Path ; Men of Fire and Spirit, like Nags that have Blood in their Veins, will bounce out of the Road, start into full Speed, and shew their Mettle. — Again : — Is it not a Characteristick of Excellence to have a Style so peculiarly singular, that in the reading half a Page you are sure of the Author ? Has not the great *Bentley* gone on in this Principle, in all his most erudite Castigations ? — Catching the Style of the Authors, has he not said of *Horace* and *Terence*, — *Sic scripsit*. — Thus he wrote ? — Has he not said, — *Aut sic scripsisse debuit*. — Or so he should have wrote ? — Has he not boldly asserted. — *Sic lege meo periculo*. — Read thus at my Peril ? — The same Method he has taken with *Milton*. — The

The amount of all this is, if a singular Style is a Demonstration of a Genius, I will venture, without any Infringement on Modesty, to affirm that the *Cibberian* Style is a Proof of very remarkable Talents; and I know not but some future Critick will quote, that to hit on a *pleasant Verb*, followed by a *pleasant Accusative*, is a Mark of Excellence: Nor am I without Hopes, but that there are some rhetorical Boldnesses in my Compositions, which may be admir'd by late Posterity. —

Now the Reader may think this is all said with Seriofity! — No, Mr. *Cibber*, *sen.* confesses that to *outdo* an *Outdoing* is a *vile Jingle*; nor can I deny that there may be some few Expressions in my Writings which may perhaps raise a Smile. —

But what then; it is our Happiness though we write such Things seriously, we can laugh at them jocosely, — when others begin to laugh; and if other good Writers cannot do the same, they want that good Sense which some other People may be endow'd with. — If you write well,

your * *Work* will go without *Crutches*; or would I † *publickly* put every *Argument to Death* that appears against me! This were to be an Executioner instead of a Gentleman. Praise is a *voluntary Tax* paid by the Publick; they may chuse whether they will pay it or not; but in the End *Merit* will *compel* them to it.

To conclude the Substance of all that I have said, might as well been said at first, in two Lines of a great Author, and which, in a great Character I have often spoke with Applause.

* *Si fortuna me tormento,*

Sperato me contento.

D 2

C H A P.

* *C. Cibber's* Life, p. 33.

† *Vide Ditto.*

* Two Lines in the Character of *Pissol* in *Henry* the 4th.

C H A P. III.

The Author's several Chances for the Church, the Court, and the Army. — Design'd for the University. — Took to the Stage. — Political Thoughts, with many others, which can be only known by the Reader's Perusal, &c. &c. &c.

AFTER the long Digression which I made in the last Chapter, and the Truant which I have so long play'd from School, I am at a Loss for an *Apology* to address the Reader: I left myself at *Winchester School*, not making the greatest *Éclat* in *Classical*, *Grammatical*, and such Learning, yet distinguishing myself by some puerile Excellencies: My Father, to be sure, had some great Designations of me, of being a *Bishop*, or perhaps an *Arch-bishop*, he intending me for the *Church*, as he himself had been intended. — But to neither of us. — *Sic Dii Voluere.* — To introduce my Story in this third Chapter, I must quote the Introduction to his. —

“ * I am now come to that Crisis of my Life
“ when Fortune seem'd to be at a Loss what she
“ should do with me: Had she favour'd my Fa-
“ ther's first Designation of me, he might then
“ perhaps have had as sanguine Hopes of my being
“ a Bishop, as I afterwards conceiv'd of being a
“ General: Nay, I had a third Chance, of becoming an Underpropper of the State. How I came
“ to be none of these, the Sequel will inform you.”

My

My Father, as I before hinted, had conceiv'd great Designations of me; but there was a Concatenation of Things, which occasion'd me to follow the same Tract which he had trod in before. I was not elected into *Winchester* College: All the Reasons may not be altogether so proper to repeat: I unfortunately mistook the Sense of a Line in *Virgil*:

Nisus amore pio pueri, &c.

However to this Day I cannot think the making a false *Comment* on a Passage in a *Heathen* Author, should be a Disqualification for Ecclesiastic Preference, — Be that however as it will, it was, I think, about the Year 1720, when a Change of Ministry was happening at *London*, and the Right Honourable Sir R—— W—— was about to make that illustrious Figure in *Europe*, which we have since seen; while the Nation was in *Labour* of such a *Production*, my Affairs also were in *Labour* of some Event, when I happen'd to be sent up to *London* to my Father, to be turn'd loose into the Bustle of the World. — At this Juncture you cannot but observe that the Fate of Sir R. W. and T. C. were at the same Time upon the Anvil: In what shape they would afterwards appear was only Guess-work: What Characters we have since attain'd, all *Europe* knows in Regard to *Him*, all *Britain* in Regard to *Me*.

But a still more remarkable Crisis happen'd to Mr. *Colley Cibber*, on his Return from being a Candidate for *Winchester* College: Take his own Story. — “The Nation now fell in *Labour* of the
“ *Revolution*: The *Prince of Orange* was landed
“ in the *West*; my Father was in Arms under the
“ *Duke of Devonshire*, but I jump'd into his Sad-

“ die, and he return’d to *Chatsworth*, where he
 “ was at Work. At this Crisis King *James* and
 “ the Prince of *Orange*, and that of so minute a
 “ Being as myself, were at once upon the Anvil.
 “ In what Shape they would severally come out,
 “ though a good *Guess* might be made, was not
 “ then *demonstrable* to the deepest Foresight. —
 “ But, adds he, if one Month sooner I had been
 “ at the University, who knows but by this Time,
 “ that purer Fountain might have wash’d my
 “ Imperfections into a Capacity of writing (in-
 “ stead of Plays and Annual Odes) Sermons, and
 “ pastoral Letters.”

And *who knows*, if I had attach’d myself to the
 Order of Priesthood, what a Figure I might by
 this Time have made: I might, instead of writing
Country Correspondents, and *Daily Gazetteers*, have
 penn’d *Characters* of Queens, and spoke Speeches
 from a Reverend Bench in Defence of Prime Mi-
 nisters.

You must now consider me at a Period of Time
 which produced such a Change in publick Affairs,
 which, as I can now judge of them, were of great
 Consequence to the Nation. When I think of
 this *Æra*, being famous for a Change, that made
 Sir. R. *Prime Minister*; I naturally digress on
 Prime Ministers, and the Changes they are wish’d
 to meet with. * “ While great Men want great
 “ Posts, the Nation will never want seeming Pa-
 “ triots; and no Ministers but will be heartily
 “ rail’d at. But I cannot forbear thinking that
 “ they who have been longest rail’d at, must from
 “ that Circumstance show in some Sort the Proof
 “ of a Capacity.” If this Circumstance of being
 long

long rail'd at is an undubitable Characteristick of a wife and able Minister, the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, whose Crisis of Fortune was depending at the same Time, as mine has been, the most able and wise Minister that ever manag'd the Affairs of this Nation. Notwithstanding this Proof of Capacity, *he* and his *Measures* have been talk'd of much in the same Manner as Mr. C. Gibber politically remarks People did of King *James* and his Conduct. “* It is incredible (says that Historian) “ with what Freedom and Contempt the common “ People in the open Streets talk'd of his *wild* “ *Measures*, yet we of the Vulgar had no farther “ Notion of any Remedy for this Evil, than a “ satisfy'd Presumption that our Numbers were “ too great to be master'd by his mere Will and “ Pleasure; that though he might be too hard “ for our Laws, yet he could never get the better “ of our Nature; and to drive all *England* into “ Slavery, he would find would *be teaching an old* “ *Lion to dance.*”

There are, I say, Men malecontent and weak enough to talk in this Manner of Sir R—— and (to use the above *elegant* and apt Simile) who think themselves too *old Lions to be taught to dance.* — But I don't see how they can help it; for, to compare this *great Man* to what he has never yet been compar'd, he is like another ORPHEUS, who can make these *old Lions* move to the *Tune* he plays, and they must *dance*, while he (using another of the *Laureat's* Expressions) is the *Fiddle* of the *Nation*.

These are a few of my political Notions, by which you may see what a sort of a Party-Man I am; but if talking of the Minister has drawn me

at

at any Time ever so far out of my Depth, I still flatter myself I have kept a *simple, honest Head above Water*. And it is a solid Comfort, how insignificant soever I may seem, that I have made One among many others, who have wrote Papers and Pamphlets, to prove the happy Effects of this present Administration. — Thus may I be said to have become, in Reality, an *Underpropper* of the *State*, which my Father, not getting a Place in the † *Secretary's Office*, never arriv'd at.

But to recover the Clue of my History: I was now come from *Winchester* to *London*, to turn out into the *Bustle of the World*, in which, according to my Rank of Life, I have made more Bustle than any one before me: My Father did not know well what to do with me; for I had so remarkable a Genius, that I was fit for any Thing, and yet fit for nothing. In this Vacancy of his Resolution, being a forward Youth, I wanted to know something of the World, which Knowledge I soon attain'd, and began to run into the *hey-day Gallantries* of a Man of Mode: In short, I thought myself a very *pretty Fellow*. The *clear Emanations of Beauty* struck me into a Regard for the fair Sex, that had something softer than profound Respect. I could not resist its Power, which is efficacious on all; for *Beauty, like the Sun, shines into equal Warmth, the Peasant and the Courtier*: So good a Taste my first hopeful Entrance into Manhood set out with. — * My Father had the same Kind of Heart, which was ready to be *shone into Warmth*, and he handsomly † apologizes, that as he was waiting

† *Vide C. Cibber's Life.*

* *Vide Apology, p. 42.*

† The same Page.

waiting at Table on the present *Dutchess Dowager* of Marlborough, in the Year of the Revolution, these two Words, || *Some Wine and Water*; — These two Words only, that very, single Sound, struck upon his Senses, which were collected into his Eyes, by the clear Emanation of her Beauty. —

This gay Spirit of mine gave some Uneasiness to my good Mother, but my Father laugh'd at it, as a pleasing Recordation of himself: To hear of some of my youthful Sallies, which were the Effects of great Spirits, and into which none but your great *Genii* run; to see an honest Boldness or modest Assurance in Countenance and Speech, which none but Men conscious of Merit have. This must give him a pleasing Recordation of Mind; then he might truly cry out with Extasy, —

§ ———— “ *Hoc est*
“ *Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.*

Which he since translates thus;

“ *When Years no more of active Life retain,*
“ *'Tis Youth renew'd to laugh 'em o'er again.*

But which I translate, for I can translate as well as he, thus:

‘Tis to live twice, to see the Life you led
Again liv'd over by the SON you bred.

Or thus:

‘Twas to live twice, — Twice the same Acts enjoy,
To see the same still practis'd by his Boy.

After this Interval of Idleness, some Views of
Life

|| Ditto, for this Relation and these Phrases.
§ Motto to Cibber's Life.

Life were set before my Eyes, as the Army or the City. The Army I lik'd tolerably; nay, so well, that I partly took upon myself, and was partly complimented by my Companions, with the News of *Captain*. — And it is with some Pleasure I hear myself call'd the *young Captain* to this Day. But a small Commission, however more honourable it might seem, I began to know was not so profitable as the Profession of an Actor: And though my Father, at the Revolution, had Thoughts of being a General-Officer, Things were now chang'd; and I have often bless'd my Stars for my preferring the Theatre to the Camp; on that I have been a Heroe, strutted with a golden *Truncheon*, nodded Command to *Roman Legions*, and old *British Bands*. In the Army I might have still trail'd a Lieutenant's Half-pike, and in some Country Quarters, liv'd inglorious; for Years pacific roll'd revolving round; the Spirit-stirring Drum, the Earpiercing Fife, all Pride, Pomp, Circumstance of glorious War have long'd been lost in Peace, which long Farewel have told the Soldier's Occupation lost. — 'Twas on the Stage alone I promis'd myself much Pleasure, much Income, and much Reputation: — Nor is a theatric Profession so contemptible as some affect to think. “Was a little foolish Prejudice laid aside, * *Mr. G. Cibber* truly says, that many a well-born younger Brother, and many a Beauty of low Fortune would gladly have adorn'd the Theatre, who, by their not being able to brook such Dishonour to their Birth, have pass'd away Lives decently unheeded and forgotten.” In short, it is better to be this or that on the Stage,

so

so you get handsomly by it, than live in any Degree of Ignominy or not Ignominy off from it; that is, there is no Ignominy on the Stage, or, if you will, the Stage is above Ignominy.

See this Period: "I remember (says Mr. Cibber *) a Lady with a real Title, whose female Indiscretions had occasion'd her Family to abandon her, being willing to make an honest Penny of what Beauty she had left, desir'd to be admitt'd an Actress: Her Relations oppos'd it for Reasons easy to be guess'd at: It was not our Interest to make an honourable Family our Enemies, and she was refus'd. Here you find her honest Endeavour to get Bread from the Stage, (*i. e.* to make an honest Penny of her Beauty) was look'd on as an additional Scandal to her former Dishonour; so that I am afraid, had the Lady sold Patches and Pomatum in a Band-Box from Door to Door, she might have starv'd with less Infamy, than reliev'd her Necessity by being famous on the Stage." — In short, 'tis no Ignominy to be *la Damaigelle de Plaisir* in a Theatre. —

But notwithstanding all I have said, and my Father before me, the Profession of a Player still continues, as by his Memoirs I find it has alway done, to be held by many Gentlemen and People of Quality in no great Esteem; and many outrageous Insults have been committed by Persons, who would be thought Gentlemen, on Actors, whom they dar'd not have used so in any other Place but a Theatre. But these Insulters of *Audiences*, as well as *Players*, are not to be rul'd, there is no contending with them; they are all Patriots,
Liberty

* G. Cibber's Life, p. 46.

Liberty and Property Men, who roar out to defend their *Magna Charta*, of doing what they will in a Theatre. This Usage of Players, Mr. Gibber says, “ keeps young People of Sense from coming
 “ on the Stage ; they fear entering into a Society,
 “ whose Institution if not abused, is an excellent
 “ School of Morality : But alas ! as *Shakspear* says :

“ *Where’s that Place where into sometimes*
 “ *Foul Things intrude not?*

And really the Abuse of the Stage by the Actors, be it as great as it will, by acting indiscreetly in their private Lives, it is not greater than the Abuse that those noisy Rioters make of it by their publick Disturbances : I cannot apprehend what rational Authority this *Society for the Reformation of theatrical Manners* can plead, to call an Actor to an Account on the Stage for what he has done off it : Would any Judge pay less Regard for a Counsellor’s Argument at the Bar, because he may be an indiscreet, or even a bad Man at home ? — But it is otherwise at our theatric Bar of Judgment ; our Judges are also Jury, and likewise Executioners ; and though you appear there not as your own Person, they make you the *Gulprit*, put you immediately on your *Trial*, — and *God send you a good Deliverance*. — But I may say what I will against these unjust, unlimited Insults, yet the Player who falls under such a Caprice of publick Displeasure, must be left adrift, and ride out the Storm as well as he is able.

I would here speak of some Storms which poor I have been adrift in, and which I have out-rode by that admirable Stage Apothegm,

‘*Sblood I’ll stand you all.*

But

But that Anecdote will fall under my Pen in a subsequent Chapter : To conclude this ; the View of rising some Time or other to live in that modish Affluence, jovial Gaiety, and seeming Importance, in which my Father and some others I saw liv'd, was the flattering Light by which I steer'd my Course : Such Temptations were too strong for so warm a Vanity as mine to resist ; on the Stage I came, being enter'd, according to my Merit, at a very low Salary ; and now, gentle and most candid Reader, your Curiosity is from thence to expect a farther Account of me.

C H A P. IV.

The Author follows Mr. Colley Cibber's Method of History. — A short History of the Stage and Actors, from the Restoration to the Revolution. — Their Characters. — Why given, &c.

AS I have profess'd myself an humble Imitator of Mr. C. Cibber's peculiar Manner of *historical Narrations*, I hope the Reader will not think frequent *Digressions* from my own Actions and Life, any Way inconsistent ; for though I have only promis'd an Account of the material Occurrences of the Theatre during my *own Time*, yet a short History of the Theatre, from the *Restoration* to the *Revolution*, and from thence to the present Year 1740, may be worth more Notice than giving the Publick an Account of my youthful Adventures, for which, little *Apology*, I am afraid, can be made. As in an Account of this Nature I cannot make use of my own Know-
 E ledge

ledge and Judgment, I must claim the Privilege of all *Historians*, of having Recourse to those Authors who have treated on the Subject before : Nor shall I omit that Part, which modern History is much founded on, *Oral Tradition* : To these I shall add such Intelligence as I could collate from such *ancient Records* as still remain in the *Archives* of the *Theatre*. But though I may severally use all these Aids, the chief Support which I shall rely on, will be the *Memoirs* which Mr. C. *Gibber* has, with great *Authenticity* and *Judgment*, collected ; and I shall also give a faithful Abstract of his *Theatrical Characters*, because they will lead you into a clearer View of some modern ones, which I myself, at a due Time and Place, shall venture to pourtray : - - - Before I enter on this Undertaking, I must premise, that many are the inimitable Beauties in Stile, in Thought, and Manner of the great *apologetical Original*, which my Compendium will not allow me to introduce ; however the Reader may depend, my Abstract from it shall be so connected, that I will give him the

Quinta pars sui Nectaris.

The very Quintessence of his NECTAR.

And this Chapter shall be, as it were, *Ilias in Nuce*. -- The *Iliad* in a *Nutchell*. -- Without farther Preface or Apology.

The Civil War which was begun between King *Charles* the First, in Defence of his Prerogative, and his People, in Defence of their Freedom, introduced, at Length, all the Effects of Anarchy : Every Thing that was truly good and virtuous was no longer in Esteem : Those pious Schools of Morality, the *Playhouses*, were no longer suffered ;
the

the Stage fell with Monarchy, and the Peers of the Land with the Actors of the Theatre : But as it fell with Monarchy, it was with Monarchy restor'd ; for at King *Charles* the 2d's Restoration, two Patents were granted, one to Sir *William D'avenant* ; and the other to *Henry Killegrew*, Esq; according to Mr. *Cibber*'s Account, or to Mr. *Thomas Killegrew*, according to the Relation of that *Theatric Annalist*, *John Downes*, the old Prompter. The Company under Sir *William D'avenant*, says Mr. *Cibber*, were call'd the *King's Servants*, and acted at the *Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane*; the other the *Duke's Company*, who acted at the *Duke's Theatre* in *Dorset Garden* : - - - But Mr. * *Downes* says, “ that on the Restoration, “ the scattered Remnant of *six Playhouses*, which “ subsisted in King *Charles* the *First*'s Time, upon “ the Restoration fram'd a Company, and acted “ again at the *Bull Playhouse*, built them a new “ Theatre in *Gibbon's Tennis-Court* in *Clare-Market*, in which two Places they continued acting “ all 1660, 1661, 1662, and Part of 1663. In “ this Time they built them a new Theatre in “ *Drury-Lane*, Mr. *Thomas Killegrew* gaining a “ Patent from the King, in order to create them “ the *King's Servants*, and from that Time they “ call'd themselves, his *Majesty's Company of Comedians* in *Drury-Lane*.

As to the Company acting under Sir *William D'avenant*, *Downes* gives this particular Account of its first Rise and going to *Dorset Garden*.

“ In the Year *one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine* General *Monk* marching then his Army “ out

E 2

* *Downes* wrote an Account of the Stage during his own Time call'd, *Roscius Anglicanus*.

“ out of *Scotland* to *London*, Mr. *Rhodes*, a Book-
 “ seller, being *Wardrobe Keeper* formerly, as I am
 “ inform’d, to King *Charles the First’s* Company
 “ of Comedians in *Black-Fryars*, getting a License
 “ from the then governing State, fitted up a
 “ House for acting, call’d the *Cockpit*, in *Drury-*
 “ *Lane*, and in a short Time compleated his
 “ Company.

“ In this Interim, Sir *William D’avenant*
 “ gained a Patent from the King, and opened a
 “ House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, with new Scenes
 “ and Decorations, being the first that were ever
 “ introduced into *England*; where they continu-
 “ ed to act till the Year 1671, when they open’d
 “ a new Theatre in *Dorset-Garden*, and remov’d
 “ from *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, thither. ”

The Reader cannot but observe some Difference
 in these two great Historians; to shew my faith-
 ful Attachment to Truth I have given both Ac-
 counts; and, gentle Reader.

Utrum Horum Mavis Accipe.

Of the King’s Company, about ten were put
 on the Royal Household Establishment, having
 each ten Yards of scarlet Cloth, with a proper
 Quantity of Lace allow’d them for Liveries; and
 in the Warrants from the Lord Chamberlain they
 were stil’d *Gentlemen of the Great Chamber*.

Both these Companies were in high Estimation;
 the long Interdiction of Plays had given fresh
 Appetite to such Representations; besides, before
 now no Actresses had been seen on the Stage. The
 Characters of Women, in Theatres, were per-
 form’d by Boys, or young Men of the most effe-
 minate Aspect: And what Grace, or Master-
 Strokes of Action can we conceive such ungain
 Hoydens

Hoydens to have been capable of? These two Theatres had another advantageous Rule, made by themselves, which was, that no Play acted at one House should ever be attempted at the other: This prevented a Satiety of the same Plays, and kept up the Pleasure which might otherwise grow languid. - - For what Pleasure is not languid to Satiety? - - The Neglect which has been had, for several Years past, to this *Management*, Mr. C. *Gibber* thinks is the Occasion of the Degradation of the present Theatres, by the *Entertainments* they exhibit; “ * for when Plays are
 “ hackney’d out to the common People indiffe-
 “ rently at any Theatre, the best Actors will
 “ soon feel the Town has enough of them:” Hence he proves a Plurality of Playhouses detrimental to the Stage, unless a proportionable Number of good Authors could rise to give them all different Employments: “ But while good Writers are so
 “ scarce, and *undaunted Criticks* so plenty, I am
 “ afraid a good Play and a blazing Star will be
 “ equal Rarities: This indulging the Taste with
 “ several Theatres, will amount to the same Variety as an Oeconomist would show, who
 “ would have *two Puddings* and *two Legs of Mutton* for the same Dinner. ”

Though this Simile has been inserted in many a Twopenny Jest-Book, yet, as it is admirably introduced, I have again ventur’d to quote it. But to resume the Thread of this History.

“ These two excellent Companies were both
 “ prosperous for some Time, till their Variety of
 “ Plays began to be exhausted; then of Course
 “ the better Actors, which the King’s seem to
 “ have

“ have been allow’d, could not fail of drawing
 “ greater Audiences. Sir *William D’avenant*,
 “ therefore, Master of the *Duke’s Company*, in-
 “ troduced Musick to Action, and a new Species
 “ of Plays, call’d, *Dramatick Opera’s*. ” -- I
 must here observe Mr. *Cibber* says Sir *William* was
 Master of the *Duke’s Company*, though in a Page
 before he said they were the *King’s* : This Inad-
 vertence arises from his not rightly counting ONE,
 TWO : But he has too bold a Disregard for Cor-
 rectness, which others set a Value on : It is with a
 little Compunction that I made this Remark, yet,

Amicus SOCRATES, *Amicus* PLATO, sed magis
amica VERITAS.

“ * This sensual Supply of Sight and Sound,
 “ coming into the weaker Party, they grew too
 “ hard for Sense and simple Nature ; for more
 “ People can see and hear than think and judge :
 “ This Change of Taste fell heavy on the *King’s*
 “ Company ; they had Truth on their Side, and
 “ Praise for their Action ; but ’tis cold Comfort --
 “ *Laudatur & Alget*. -- Unprofitable Praise can
 “ hardly give it a *Soup Maigre*. --- In this
 “ Rivalship of the two Houses, *Mobun* and *Hart*
 “ growing old, and the young Actors impatient
 “ to get into their Parts, and intractable, the
 “ Audience likewise falling off at both Houses,
 “ the two Companies were united into one,
 “ exclusive of all others, in the Year 1684. ” or
 according to *Downes’s* Chronology, 82. -- This
 Union, says the *Apologist*, was however so much
 in Favour of the *Duke’s Company*, that *Hart*
 left the Sage upon it. -- The old *Prompter* says,
 “ † Upon this Union, Mr. *Hart*, being the
 “ Heart

“ *Heart* of the Company under Mr. *Killegrew's*
 “ Patent, never acted more by Reason of his
 “ Malady, being afflicted with the Stone and
 “ Gravel, of which he died some time after,
 “ having a Salary of *forty Shillings* a Week to the
 “ Day of his Death.”

One Theatre was now in Possession of the whole Town, and the united Patentees imposed their own Terms on the Players: The Actors, who have always as quick a Sense of Injuries, and as high and glorious a Love of Freedom as any People whatever, appeal'd for Redress to the Lord Chamberlain, who was then my Lord *Dorset*, who finding their Complaints just, procured from King *William*, in 1695, a separate License for Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Betterton*, Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and others, to set up a new Company, calling it the *New Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; and they opened it the last Day of April, 1695, with a new Comedy, call'd, *Love for Love*.

Mr. *Colley Cibber* begins his Account of the actors from his entering upon the Stage 1690, which were the Remains of what was call'd the *Duke's Company*, but is quite silent as to the *King's Company*, whom he allows to have been their Superiors: I shall, therefore, in this *Apology for my Life*, be bold enough to supply that Defect in the *Apology for his*: It may be said perhaps, “ *What, Is this apologizing for your Lives?* - - Well, Sir Critick! Suppose we call it so; What then? But to the Purpose.

The Company acting under Mr. *Killegrew* consisted of the following *Actors* and *Actresses*:

MEN.

M E N.

Mr. *Theophilus Bird*,
 Mr. *Hart*,
 Mr. *Mohun*,
 Mr. *Lacy*,
 Mr. *Burt*,
 Mr. *Cartwright*,
 Mr. *Clun*,
 Mr. *Shatterell*,
 Mr. *Kynaston*,
 Mr. *Winterfell*,
 Mr. *Griffin*,
 Mr. *Goodman*,
 Mr. *Lyddoll*,

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Carey*,
 Mrs. *Marshall*,
 Mrs. *Uphill*,
 Mrs. *Knep*,
 Mrs. *Hughes*.

And sometimes after
 came into this Company

Mrs. *Boutell*,
 Mrs. *Ellen Gwin*,
 Mrs. *James*,
 Mrs. *Rutter*,
 Mrs. *Knight*.

These Actors and Actresses were professedly excellent, and who could have been no *Imitators* but all *Originals*, for which Reason it may be much doubted if they have been since equall'd : It is impossible for me to give an Account of their Perfections after the elaborate Manner Mr. *Gibber* has of some others who succeeded them ; but if any Regard is to be paid to the Judgment of the Audiences and Authors of their Time, they must have excell'd highly in Parts which we see them cast to in the best Plays of that Time. *Hart* was the Standard to which *Mountford* and *Wilks* endeavour'd, and with great Success, to arrive at ; yet are said not thoroughly to attain it. *Mohun* was form'd for an artful Sternness in Tragedy, and had great Talents in Comedy : He was the original *Ventidius* in Mr. *Dryden's All for Love*, and was eminent for the *Volpone* of *Ben Johnson*. Mrs. *Marshall*, Mrs. *Ellen Gwin*, and Mrs. *Boutell* were equally admired in Tragedy and Comedy. To give the Reader, who has any Knowledge of theatrical Performances the best Idea I am able of these

these Actors, I will transcribe the Cast of two or three Plays, in which they peculiarly excell'd, and which still continue to be acted on the Stage.

The F O X.

<i>Volpone.</i>	- - - -	Major <i>Mohun.</i>
<i>Mosca,</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
<i>Corbaccio,</i>	- -	Mr. <i>Cartwright.</i>
<i>Voltore,</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Shatterell.</i>
<i>Corvino</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Burt.</i>
<i>Sir Politick Wou'dbe,</i>		Mr. <i>Lacy.</i>
<i>Peregrine,</i>	- - -	Mr. <i>Kynaston.</i>
<i>Lady Wou'dbe,</i>	- -	Mrs. <i>Corey.</i>
<i>Celia,</i>		Mrs. <i>Marshall.</i>

O T H E L L O.

<i>Othello.</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
<i>Brabantio,</i>	- -	Mr. <i>Cartwright.</i>
<i>Cassio,</i>	- - - -	Mr. <i>Burt.</i>
<i>Iago,</i>	- - - -	Major <i>Mohun.</i>
<i>Roderigo,</i>	- - -	Mr. <i>Shatterell.</i>
<i>Desdemona,</i>	- -	Mrs. <i>Hughes.</i>
<i>Emilia,</i>	- - -	Mrs. <i>Rutter.</i>

Earl of E S S E X.

<i>The Earl of Essex,</i>	Mr. <i>Clark.</i>
<i>The E. of Southampton,</i>	Mr. <i>Griffin,</i>
<i>Lord Burleigh.</i>	Major <i>Mohun.</i>
<i>Queen Elizabeth.</i>	Mrs. <i>Gwin.</i>

I come now to speak of, in the same transitory Manner Sir *William D'avenant's* Company, and of the Persons who compos'd it. Mr. *Rhodes*, as I mention'd before, form'd a Company, of which the following Names is a compleat List.

MEN.

M E N.
 Mr. *Betterton*,
Sheppy,
Lowell,
Lillison,
Underhill,
Turner,
Dixon,
Robert Nokes,

These Six acted
 W O M E N S Parts.
 Mr. *Kynaston*,
James Nokes,
Angell,
William Betterton,
Mosely,
Floyd.

On Sir *William D'avenant's* getting a Patent from the King, and forming this odd Band into a more regular Manner, he took in these following Actors.

Mr. *Harris*,
 Mr. *Price*,
 Mr. *Richards*,
 Mr. *Blayden*,
 Mr. *Smith*,

Mr. *Sandford*,
 Mr. *Medbourne*,
 Mr. *Young*,
 Mr. *Norris*.

To these he added the following Actresses, the four first of which he boarded in his own House.

Mrs. *Davenport*,
 Mrs. *Saunderson*,
 Mrs. *Gibbs*,
 Mrs. *Norris*,

Mrs. *Davies*,
 Mrs. *Long*,
 Mrs. *Holden*,
 Mrs. *Jennings*.

Thus this Company stood in the Year 1662; but having lost several of the Actors by Death, and some by Love, it was recruited in the Year 1673; by Mr. *Anthony Leigh*, Mr. *Jevon*, Mr. *Percival* - - - and Mr. *Williams*, who came in a Boy, and serv'd Mr. *Harris*; and Mr. *Boman*, a Boy likewise: Among the new Women were Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Currer*, Mrs. *Butler*, and others.

Though I may seem impertinently prolix, yet, by some, this *Theatric Chronology* will be thought not

not unnecessary ; and it is, in fact a proper Introduction to that Part of Theatrical History, which Mr. *G. Cibber* has very copiously related, and of which I shall here give a Sort of an Abstract ; for this, with my own Account, will make a perfect *Compendium of Stage History* - - Thus he writes - -

“ In the 1670, when I first came into this Company, the principal Actors then at the Head of it were.

OF M E N.

Mr. *Betterton*,
Mr. *Mountford*,
Mr. *Kynaston*,
Mr. *Sandford*,
Mr. *Nokes*,
Mr. *Underhill*, and
Mr. *Leigh*,

OF W O M E N.

Mrs. *Betterton*,
Mrs. *Barry*.
Mrs. *Leigh*,
Mrs. *Butler*,
Mrs. *Mountford*, and
Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

“ *Betterton* was an Actor as *Shakespear* was an Author, both without Competitors, form'd for the mutual Assistance, and Illustration of each other's Genius : The one was born only to speak what the other only knew to write : But to give a more clear Idea of him : You have seen a *Hamlet*, perhaps, who, on the first Appearance of his Father's Spirit, has thrown himself into all the straining Vociferations requisite to express Rage and Fury, and the House has thunder'd with Applause, though the misguided Actor was *tearing a Passion into Rags*. Now *Betterton* threw this Scene into another Light : He open'd it with a Pause of mute Amusement, then rising slowly to a solemn trembling Voice, he made the Ghost equally terrible to the Spectator as to himself ; and in the

“ descriptive

“ descriptive Part of the natural Emotions which
 “ the ghastly Vision gave, the Boldness of his
 “ Expostulations were still govern’d by Decency ;
 “ manly, but not braving ; his Voice never ri-
 “ sing into that seeming Outrage, or wild De-
 “ fiance of what he naturally rever’d.

“ A farther Excellence *Betterton* had was, that
 “ he could vary his Spirit to the different Cha-
 “ racters he acted : Those wild impatient Starts,
 “ that fierce and flashing Fire which he threw
 “ into *Hotspur* never came from the unruffled
 “ Temper of *Brutus*, (for I have seen, more
 “ than once, a *Brutus* as warm as *Hotspur*.) When
 “ the *Betterton Brutus* was provok’d in his Dispute
 “ with *Cassius*, his Spirit flew only to his Eye ;
 “ his steady Look alone supply’d that Terror
 “ which he disdain’d an Intemperance of Voice
 “ should rise to. Thus with a settled Dignity of
 “ Contempt, like an *unheeding Rock* he repell’d
 “ upon himself the Form of *Cassius* : Perhaps the
 “ Words of *Shakespeare* will better let you into
 “ my Meaning.

*Must I give Way and Room to your rash Choler ?
 Shall I be frighted when a Madman stares ?*

“ And a little after :

There is no Terror Cassius in your Looks, &c.

“ But with whatever Strength of Nature we see
 “ the Poet show, at once the Philosopher and the
 “ Hero, yet the Image of the Actors Excellence,
 “ unless Language could put Colours into our
 “ Words to paint the Voice with,

Et si vis Similem pingere, pingere Sonum,

“ is an Impossibility.

“ Besides these Characters, he shew’d an extra-
 ordinary

“ ordinary Power in blowing ALEXANDER into a
 “ Blaze of Admiration, yet the furious Fustian, and
 “ turgid Rants in that Character he was sensible
 “ gain’d a false Applause only ; for he thought no
 “ Applause equal to an attentive Silence ; that
 “ there were many Ways of deceiving an Audi-
 “ ence into a loud one, but to keep them hush’d
 “ and quiet was an Applause which only Truth
 “ and Merit could arrive at. But if Truth and
 “ Merit were only applauded, how many noisy
 “ Actors would shake their Plumes with Shame,
 “ who, from an injudicious Approbation of the
 “ Multitude, have strutted and bawl’d in the Place
 “ of Merit. *Betterton* had a Voice of that Kind
 “ which gave more Spirit to Terror than to the
 “ softer Passions, of more Strength than Melody :
 “ The Rage and Jealousy of *Othello* became him
 “ better than the Sighs and Tenderness of *Castalio* ;
 “ for though in *Castalio* he only excell’d others,
 “ in *Othello* he excell’d himself. The Person of
 “ this excellent Actor was suitable to his Voice ;
 “ more manly than sweet ; not exceeding the
 “ middle Stature ; inclining to the Corpulent ;
 “ of a serious, penetrating Aspect ; his Limbs
 “ nearer the athletick than the delicate Propor-
 “ tion ; yet, however form’d, there rose, from the
 “ Harmony of the Whole, a commanding Mein
 “ of Majesty, which the fairer-fac’d Darlings of his
 “ Time ever wanted something to be Masters of.
 “ The last Part he acted was *Melantius* in the
 “ *Maid’s Tragedy*, for his own Benefit, when be-
 “ ing suddenly seiz’d with the Gout, he submitted,
 “ by extraordinary Applications, to have his Foot
 “ so far reliev’d that he might be able to walk on
 “ the Stage in a Slipper rather than wholly disap-
 “ point his Audience : He was observ’d that Day

“ to have exerted a more than ordinary Spirit,
 “ and met with a suitable Applause ; but the un-
 “ happy Consequence of tampering with his Dis-
 “ temper was, that it flew into his Head and kill’d
 “ him in three Days, in the 74th Year of his
 “ Age.”

This is the chief Account which Mr. *Cibber* gives of *Betterton* ; he has indeed interspers’d several Theatric Observations, which amount to no more than they who *write* can’t *read*, and they who *read* can’t *act* : Mr. *Dryden* could not read his own *Amphitrion* ; yet *Nat. Lee* read his Scenes so well, that *Mohun* cry’d out, ——— *Unless I were able to PLAY my Part as well as you READ it, to what Purpose should I take it ?* ——— Yet *Nat. Lee* attempted to be an Actor, but soon left the Stage in despair of making a profitable Figure there.

I could, on this Head, add several curious *Anecdotes* of my own, and from Experience in the Stage Affairs prove, that as some who *write* can’t *read*, so there are others who *read* that can’t *write* ; and yet some who can both *read*, *act*, and *write*. ——— How far indeed these *reading*, *writing*, *acting* Qualifications may be conjoin’d in one and the same Person, this *Apologetical History*, as well as that of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, will be some humble kind of *Demonstration* of : Some indeed may think, that by these *Memoirs* we may blaze to *Posterity* in a ludicrous Lustre, and that our Observations and Digressions signify, roundly, *Nothing*, yet to the Drum of the Ear will I as roundly rattle,

A FICO for thy Criticism, vile Wight,
 You say we Print indeed, yet cannot Write.

I, myself I, and Father print indeed,

But what we print we wrote, and what we wrote
 you read, ——— But

— But *halt a little*. — I had something to say on the above Description of *Betterton*: It may be in the greatest Part, or even in the whole, just; yet is it not carrying the Elogium too far, to think, nor *Hart*, nor *Mohun*, nor any in their Company, nor some before them equal'd him, perhaps surpass'd him? Mr. *Cibber* says none has since arriv'd at his Perfections; this very possibly may be, yet very likely every succeeding Age will think in the same Manner of other Actors: As Mr. *Hart* and *Mohun's* Excellencies were forgot by Degrees, Mr. *Betterton's* arose; when his fail'd by his Death, Mr. *Booth* was thought to be a very great Successor: In short, they who remember *Betterton*, shake their Heads at *Booth*; they that are in full Memory of *Booth*, with pitiful Scorn see some *modern Performers*, who, half a Century hence, may be highly admir'd in their Turn, in Prejudice to * *New Adepts* in the Profession: This, say what you will, is a prejudice of Nature, the Impressions we first receive are so deeply affecting, that even, having Judgment afterwards, it imposes on it: Prejudices in *theatrical Affairs* are as imperceptibly got, and as obstinately maintain'd as those in *Religion*; and we may say of the first Representation we see, what *Dryden* says of our first Education.

*By Education most Men are misled,
We so believe because we so were bred;
The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man.*

But really *Betterton*, besides his Excellencies of Nature and Judgment, and other great Advan-
F 2 tages,

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology.*

tages, for though he is call'd an *Original*, he had seen all the *old Players*, who were very excellent, and those were remembered who were *Originals* of *Shakespear*. — What Aid such Remembrance might be, take from the following *Anecdotes*.

“ * In the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, says old *Downes*,
 “ the Part of *Hamlet* was perform'd by Mr. *Betterton* ; Sir *William D'avenant* having seen Mr.
 “ *Taylor* of the *Black-Fryars* Company act it, who
 “ was instructed by the Author, Mr. *Shakespear*,
 “ taught Mr. *Betterton* in every Article of it,
 “ which, by his exact Performance of it, gain'd
 “ him Esteem and Reputation superlative to all
 “ other Plays.”

Thus again this ancient, but faithful *Memoirist* delivers himself concerning the Play of *Henry the Eighth*.

“ The Part of the King was all new cloath'd
 “ in a proper Habit, and so right and justly done
 “ by Mr. *Betterton*, he being instructed in it by
 “ Sir *William D'avenant*, who had it from old Mr.
 “ *Lowen*, that had his Instructions from Mr. *Shakespear* himself, that I dare and will aver, none
 “ can or will come near him in this Age, in the
 “ Performance of that Part.”

The Reader will observe, that in *theatrical Memoirists*, a Simplicity of style in plain Narration too often occurs; but he will pardon this bold Disregard for grammatical Correctness, if, thro' our Rapidity of Thought, he investigates the Meaning: He will see then how in *Hamlet* Mr. *Betterton* came by that Judgment, which Mr. *Cibber* takes up some Pages in extolling; he will find those Actors who have been *Originals* in Parts, are
 thought

thought to have excell'd to the highest Degree: And Mr. *Betterton* might have been as excellent in those Parts in which he was an *Original*, as any other Actor before him; yet an Actor after him, who has an *original* Part, and consequently thereby becomes an *Original*, may be thought so far to excel, that few Actors, while he is remember'd, shall, with any equal, *judicious Approbation*, succeed in that Part. — On the whole, *original Parts* make an *Actor*, and they who have seen a perfect set of Actors, can only judge of succeeding ones by them: The

Laudator temporis acti

Is not merely confin'd to old Men; by natural Prejudice we catch this Apurtenance to old Age, when we have scarce pass'd the Verge of Youth. But to conclude of Mr. *Betterton*, with a greater Compliment than any other paid him, though the Epilogue to his last Benefit, wrote by Mr. *Rowe*, was a very good one, take this Description of him from a Prologue of *Dryden*.

*He, like the setting Sun, still shoots a glimm'ry Ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in Decay.*

Mr. *C. Cibber*'s long Digression has led me into this; but as, in his Account of *Betterton*, his Sentiments on theatrical Action are chiefly express'd; I have ventur'd to subjoin these Sentiments of mine to his Account, that I may not be so tedious on this Subject in another Place. I shall now introduce his other drawn Characters, and “* *make use*
“ *of the same Vehicles, which you will find waiting in*
“ *the*

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology, p. 71.*

“ the next Chapter, to carry you through the rest of
 “ your Journey at Leisure, — for all know, that,

Placida narratio pro Vehiculo est.

C H A P. V.

Theatrical Characters, Quotations, Dissertations, Annotations, Digressions, Expressions, Allusions collated, imitated, and related, with

A few Words to critical Auditors.

IT was before observ'd, Women were not admitted on the Stage till after the Restoration, yet, by the Lists I have given, you will find they were not so very easily supply'd; for in the Company where *Betterton* was engag'd, they were forc'd still to put young Men into female Characters; and Mr. *Kynaston* stands first in that motley Cast; nor indeed had they any till Sir *William D'avenant* brought them to that Company: On the contrary, the *Old*, or the *King's Company* under *Killegrew*, had at first setting out some Women, who in the Summer of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, even when the Companies were in their highest Prosperity, were thought inimitable: How hard then is it to fix unlimited Excellence to particular Persons! — But of these *Male Women*, *Kynaston* was esteem'd, being very young and handsome; and, according to *Downe's* Phrase, * *a compleat Female Stage-Beauty, performing his Parts so well, especially Arthiope and Aglaura, Parts greatly moving Compassion and Pity, that it is doubted whether any*
Woman

* *Downe's Roscius Anglicanus.*

Woman that succeeded him, so sensibly touch'd the Audience. — Behold the Doatage of *servile Partiality* ! — Mr. *Cibber* speaks of his Beauty, and his performing *Evadne* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, to which he subjoins a facetious Incident, which those Shifts once occasion'd. — † King *Charles* coming to a Tragedy sooner than usual, and was impatient to have the Performance begin, and sent to know the Meaning of their Delay, the Master of the Company came to the Box, and thinking the best excuse would be the Truth, fairly told his Majesty, the Queen was not yet shav'd. The King laugh'd, and staid till her Majesty could be effeminated. — But as for *Kynaston*, he was so beautiful, that the Ladies of Quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their Coaches in this theatrical Habit, after the Play, which in those Days began at four o'Clock ; — Such a Custom of the Ladies, of carrying such a handsome young Fellow, though in Petticoats, in their Coaches with them, without any Apprehension of Censure, is as strong an Instance as possible, to what Height the modish Gallantry of that Time was carried !

But even on Mr. *Kynaston's* changing Sexes, that is, his Petticoats to the Buskin, and his Stays to the Truncheon, he still remained famous : He had, it seems, a formal Gravity in his Mein, which in some Characters became him. His Eye was piercing, and in Characters of heroick Life, led, in his Tone of Voice, an imperious Vivacity that truly depicted the Tyrant. In these two Parts, *Morat* in *Aurengzebe*, and *Muley Moloch* in *Sebastian*, he had a fierce *Lion-like Majesty*, in his Utterance, that
gave

† Vide C. Cibber's Apology, p. 72.

gave the Spectator a Kind of trembling Admiration. ——— In *Henry the Fourth* he was a Master of a different Majesty, but of so true a Kind, that when he whisper'd the following Line to *Hotspur*,

Send us your Prisoner, or you'll bear of it,

He conveyed more Menace than the loudest Intemperance of Voice could swell to: *Kynaston*, like *Betterton*, strictly followed the Rules of Truth and Nature; yet, what seem'd surprising, they were as different in their Manner of acting as in their personal Form and Features. He stay'd too long on the Stage, till his Memory and Spirits fail'd him; his latter Imperfections were not his own, but those of decaying Nature.

* *Mountford* was a younger Man, tall, well-made, of agreeable Aspect, fair, his Voice clear, full, and melodious: In Tragedy a most affecting Lover; his Words had that *Softness*, that

*Like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.*

In Comedy he gave the truest Life to what we call the fine Gentleman: in Scenes of Gaiety he never broke into the Regard that was due to the Presence of equal or superior Characters, though inferior Actors play'd them: He fill'd the Stage not by elbowing and crossing it before others, or disconcerting their Action, but by surpassing them in Time and masterly Touches of Nature: He never laugh'd at his own Jest, unless the Point of his Raillery requir'd it: He had besides, such a Variety of Genius, that he could throw off the Man of Sense for the brisk, vain, rude, lively Coxcomb;

comb; hence he excell'd in *Sir Courthy Nice*: His whole Man, his Voice, Mein, and Gesture was no longer *Mountford*, but another Person; there the insipid soft Civility, the elegant and formal Mein, the drawling delicacy of Voice; the stately Flatness of his Address, and the empty Eminence of his Attitudes, were so nicely observed and guarded, that had he not been an entire Master of Nature, had he not kept his Judgment, as it were, a Centinel upon himself, not to admit the least Likeness of what he us'd to be, to enter into any Part of his Performance, he could not possibly have so completely finish'd it. He was kill'd in the thirty-third Year of his Age; the Accidents that more particularly attended his Fall, are to be found at large, in the Trial of the Lord *Mohun*, printed among *those* of the *State*, in *Folio*.

* *Sandford* was what Mr. *Gibber*, *sen.* calls the *Spagnolet* of the Theatre: An excellent Actor in disagreeable Characters; that is, he was the Stage Villain; but this happen'd not so much by his own Choice as Necessity; for having a low crooked Person, such bodily Defects were too strong to be admitted into great and amiable Characters; so that in any new or reviv'd Play, if there was a hateful or mischievous one, *Sandford* had no Competitor for it. This personating of bad Characters requir'd as much Art and Judgment, as to have *shone* into the *Applause* of the *Spectators* by all the *Throws* and *Swellings of Ambition*, yet it was attended with this Dilemma, that an Audience never expected to see him in any other: Nay, so far was this Prejudice carried which Mr. *Gibber* has heard was Fact: A new Play came on the Stage, in which
Sandford

* *Vide G. Cibber's Apology, p. 78.*

Sandford play'd an honest Statesman ; the Pit sat out three or four Acts in a quiet Expectation, that the Honesty of *Sandford* should, from his dissembling it, (for they thought him a Rogue at the Bottom) *animate the Scenes to come with Confusion*: But finding him in Truth an honest Statesman, they fairly damn'd the Play, as if the Author had impos'd on them a most fruitless Absurdity. — This oral Tradition has in it a Proof (as all oral Traditions have) that much Faith is requir'd in the Reader : Might not the last Act in this Play have some other *Catastrophe* in it than *Sandford's* proving an honest Statesman ? — No, so the Story was heard, and so it must be believ'd.

— *Credat Judæus Apella*

Non ego.

From *Sandford's* being so successful a Stage Villain, the inferior Actors thought his Success owing to the Defects of his Person, and from thence, when they appear'd as *Bravo's*, and Murderers, made themselves as frightful and inhumane Figures as possible. — In King Charles's Time, says our anecdoting Apologist, this low Skill was carried to such Extravagance, that the King, who was black brow'd, and of a swarthy Complexion, pass'd a pleasant Remark on observing the grim Murderers in *Macbeth*, when turning to his People in the Box, he said, *Pray what is the Meaning that we never see a Rogue in a Play, but, God's fish, they clap him on a black Periwig ? When it is well known one of the greatest Rogues in the Kingdom always wears a fair one.* — The King's Observation, says Mr. C. Cibber, was just, tho' the King had been as fair as *Adonis*. — What Complexion that pretty fellow *Adonis* had, I will not determine ; yet I know not how

how it is, or what *Ideas* People conceive of *Black*; but it certainly has a very *Horror-moving Aspect*: It may be a *Trick* of the *Stage*, and as such laugh'd at, for I allow very great Rascals may have very *black Hearts*, who wear very fair Perukes: Mr. C. Cibber thinks his swarthy Majesty alluded to some great Man out of Power, and leave them to guess at him, who remember the changing Complexion of his Ministers. — This charming Observation shows the Folly of Allusion; for suppose *Some-body* now living, 1740, had said the said Sentence, who among the present Ministry would dare fix on a Man who wore a light Wig: Their Eyes might indeed naturally be converted to that great Man who wore the greatest light-colour'd Wig, and so might guess at him — who was a very honest Man. — But tho' political ministerial Inuendoes may be very justly prov'd to mean something, yet theatrical Inuendoes are a mere *Inanity of Thought*. — But to digress from this Digression, — and to enter into another. — Many Actors and Actresses have made it a Point to play a Character flatly written, because they stood in the favourable Light of Honour and Virtue. — A Lady, * Mr. Cibber, *sen.* says, who was a *Damoselle de Plaisir* on the Stage, acted a Part of impregnable Chastity, and bid the Ladies

Study to live the Character I play.

Yet this good Creature made *Faut Paux*; she had some illegitimate Issue, and her Chastity off the Stage was not impregnable. Many are the same Kind of theatric Prudes now living, who are like enough to think that to seem virtuous is sufficient for

* Vide G. Cibber's Apology, p. 56.

for an Audience, and would make it a Point to be for half an hour most pure Virgins on the Stage, whatever kind, coming, dear consenting Creatures they might prove after the Curtain had drop'd.— I could enumerate some *dainty* modern Proofs of this theatric Prudery ; but give me Leave to change an old Apothegm

De vivis nil nisi bonum.

To return to *C. Cibber's* Description of *Sandford* ; “ his Manner of Speaking vary'd from those before describ'd : His Voice was acute, and had
 “ a piercing Tone, which struck every Syllable
 “ distinctly upon the Ear, and in his Look he
 “ mark'd to an Audience what he thought worth
 “ more than their ordinary Notice: Had he liv'd
 “ in *Shakespear's* Time, I am confident his Judgment must have chose him to have play'd *Richard III.*, for without considering his Person ; he
 “ had an uncouth Stateliness in his Motion ; a
 “ harsh sullen Pride in his Speech ; a meditating
 “ Brow ; a stern Aspect, occasionally changing
 “ into an almost ludicrous Triumph over Goodness and Virtue : from thence falling into a
 “ most assuasive Sullenness and soothing Candour
 “ of a designing Heart.”

This Actor *Mr. C. Cibber* imitated closely, and hit his Manner so true in *Richard the Third*, that *Sir John Vanbrugh* said, on his playing that Part, — *You have his very Look, Gait, and Speech, and every Motion of him ; and have borrowed them all only to serve you in that Character.* — They who remember *Mr. Cibber* in that Part have a Copy of *Sandford* :

— *Ex pede Herculem.* —

To

To describe the low Comedians, Mr. *Cibber* makes a peculiar Apology, yet thus, after it is over, he goes on :

* *Nokes* had a Genius different from any read, heard of, or seen, since or before his Time ; his Excellence a plain palpable Simplicity of Nature, that he was as unaccountably diverting in his common Speech as on the Stage. This Simplicity, so easy to *Nokes*, no one could ever catch : *Leigh* and *Underhill* have been well copied, though not equall'd, by others : But not all the mimical Skill of *Est-court*, nor my own, could reach the *vis Comica* of *Nokes*, though I never saw an Actor besides himself whom I could not at least so far imitate as to give a more than tolerable Notion of his Manner. — The Characters he shone in were, *Sir Martin Mar-all*, *Gomez* in the *Spanish Fryar*, *Sir Nicholas Cully* in *Love in a Tub*, *Sofia* in the *Amphitruon*, &c. &c. &c. — This was the effect of his Action ; he never entered the Stage but he was receiv'd with an involuntary Applause, not by Hands, for they might be prostituted and bespoken, but by a Laughter (which if bespoken could not be prostituted) which his Sight provok'd, and Nature could not resist : — His Person was of the middle Size ; his Voice clear ; his natural Countenance grave and sober ; when he spoke, that seriousness of Joakery was discharg'd, and a dry drolling Levity took such full Possession of him, that I can only refer the Idea of him to your Imagination : In his low Characters that became it, he had a shuffling Shame in his Gait, with so contented an Ignorance in his Aspect, and aukward Absurdity in his Gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have

G

believ'd

* Vide C. *Gibber's* Apology, p. 85.

believ'd he had a Grain of common Sense. In a word, I am tempted to sum up the Character of *Nokes*, as a Comedian, in a Parody of what *Shakespeare's Mark Antony* says of *Brutus* as a Heroe,

*His Life was Laughter, and the Ludicrous
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the World — This was an Actor.*

Leigh was of the mercurial Kind, not a strict Imitator of Nature ; yet not so wanton in his Performance as to be wholly out of her Sight : In Humour he lov'd to take a full Career, but was careful to stop short when just upon the Precipice : He so excell'd in the *Spanish Fryar*, that the Duke of *Dorset* had his Picture drawn in a whole Length in that Character by *Kneller*, and the whole Portrait is extremely like him : He was much admir'd by King *Charles*, who us'd to call him *his Actor*. - . He died of the Fever a Week after *Montford* in *December 1692*.

Underhill was a natural Comedian, whose Excellence lay in Characters of still Life, the stiff, the heavy, and the stupid ; in some of these he look'd as if it were not in the Power of human Passions to alter a Feature of them : A Countenance of Wood could not be more fix'd than his, when the Blockhead of a Character required it : His Face was full and long ; from his Crown to the End of his Nose was the shorter Half of it ; so that the Disproportion of his lower Features, when soberly compos'd, with an *unwandering Eye*, hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish moping Mortal that ever made Beholders merry ; not but at other Times he could be awaken'd into Spirit equally ridiculous : - - In the coarse rustick Humour of Justice *Clodpole* in *Epsom Wells* he was a delightful Brute. His Age oblig'd

blig'd him to leave the Stage some Years before he died ; he appeared once indeed in a Part he had been famous for, the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet*, but ceasing to be what he had been, his Infirmities were dismiss'd with Pity : He soon after died a superannuated Pensioner of the Theatre. Thus far Mr. C. Cibber.

The Characters of these Actors are an Extract from the Apology of Mr. C. Cibber, and were the Impressions he receiv'd in his Youth : How far he may or may not entertain a Prejudice from thence, I shall not here examine : They might be so very excellent, as he says of *Betterton*, to excel themselves : But might not as great Descriptions be given of the chief Performers in *Hart* and *Mobun's* Company by some other Historian ? Or might not some modern History give much such Characters of our *present Actors* who are most in Vogue with the Town ? Surely such an Attempt might not regret the present or the future Reader : I shall therefore in a future Chapter undertake so bold a Province, though the *Flatness* of my Characters may be *unequal* to those of the great Apologist, which are said to be of the *profound Sublime* : The same Liberty which I have taken with Mr. Cibber's Gentlemen I shall take with his Ladies, and for the same Reason I have before given : After saying *Powell*, *Verbruggen*, and *Williams* were not worth speaking of, he comes to

Mrs. *Barry*, who was in Possession of most of the chief Parts of Tragedy : How she excell'd in them you may judge from Mr. *Dryden's* saying in his Preface to *Gleomenes*, she had gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman he had seen on the Stage, which Mr. *Cibber* corroborates with his own Judgment. Mrs. *Barry*, it seems, did not arrive

at this Maturity of Power and Judgment till she was more than a little past her Youth; whence our Apologist observes, that the *short Life of Beauty is not long enough to form a complete Actress*. The Fame Mrs. Barry arriv'd to, is a Proof of the Difficulty in judging with Certainty whether any young People will ever make any great Figure in a Theatre; for Mrs. Barry was discharg'd at the End of the Year as an useless Expence. Mrs. Oldfield had been above a Year before she gave any Hope of her being an Actress, so unlike to all Manner of Propriety was her speaking: But however, both, made themselves complete Mistresses of their Art, by the Prevalence of their Understanding.

Mrs. Barry, in Characters of Greatness, had a Presence of elevated Dignity; her Mein and Motion, superb, and gracefully majestic; her Voice full, clear, and strong, so that no Violence of Passion could be too much for her: And when Distress or Tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting Melody and Softness: Of the former of these Excellencies she gave the most delightful Proofs in all the heroic Plays of *Dryden* and *Lee*; and in the latter, in the softer Passions of *Otway's* *Monimia* and *Belvidera*. In Scenes of Anger, Defiance, and Resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she pour'd out the Sentiment with enchanting *Harmony*. She was the first Person whose Merit was distinguished by the Indulgence of having an annual *Benefit Play*, which was granted to her in King *James* the 2d's Time, and became not in common to others till the Division of the Company after the Death of King *William's* Queen *Mary*: This great Actress died towards the latter End of Queen *Anne*: The Year,

says our Historian, you may guess at, by an Expression which fell from her in Blank Verse when she was delirious :

Ha ! Ha ! and so they make us Lords by Dozens !

Mrs. *Betterton* was, in the Year 1690. when Mr. *Cibber sen.* first came upon the Stage, far advanc'd in Years, yet so great a Mistress of Nature, that even Mrs. *Barry*, who acted Lady *Macbeth* after her, could not, in that Part, with her superior Strength and Melody of Voice, throw out those quick and careful Strokes of Terror from the Disorder of a guilty Mind, which the other gave us with a Facility in her Manner, that rendered them at once tremendous and delightful : Time could not impair her Skill, though it had brought her Person to Decay : She was to the last the Admiration of all true Judges of Nature and *Shakespeare*, in whose Plays she chiefly excell'd without a Rival : She was a Woman of an unblemish'd sober Life, and had the Honour to teach Queen *Anne*, when Princess, the Part of *Semandra* in *Mithridates*, which she acted at Court in King *Charles's* Time : After the Death of Mr. *Betterton*, her Husband, that Princess, when Queen, order'd her a Pension for Life, but she liv'd not to receive but one half Year of it.

Mrs. *Leigh*, the Wife of Mr. *Leigh*, the Comedian before-mentioned, had a droll Way of dressing the pretty Foibles of superannuated Beauties : She had in herself a good Deal of Humour, and knew how to infuse it into the affected Mothers, Aunts, and affected stale Maids, that had *mish'd their Market* : In these she was extremely entertaining, and *painted*, in a lively Manner, the blind Side of Nature.

Mrs. *Butler* was recommended to the Stage by King *Charles*: She was the Daughter of a decay'd Knight, and proved a good Actress, and was besides in those Days allowed to Sing and Dance in Perfection: In speaking her sweet-ton'd Voice, with her naturally genteel Air, and her sensible Pronunciation, rendered her wholly Mistress of the *Amiable* in many serious Characters: In Parts of Humour she had a Manner of blending her *assuasive Softness*, even with the Gay, the Lively, and Alluring; as in the second *Constantia* in the *Chances*, in which Mrs. *Oldfield's* lively Performance did not equal hers: She having only 40 Shillings a Week, and being denied the Addition of ten more, she went with Mr. *Ashbury* to *Dublin*, who offered her any Conditions.

Mrs. *Montford*, whose second Marriage gave her the Name of *Verbruggen*, was a Mistress of more Variety of Humour than I ever knew in any one Woman Actress: This Variety was attended with equal Vivacity, which made her excellent in Characters extremely different. Nothing, though ever so barren, if within the bounds of Nature, could be *flat in her Hands*: She was fond of Humour, in what low Part soever found, and would make no Scruple of defacing her fair Form to come heartily into it; for when she was eminent in several desirable Characters of Wit and Humour, she would descend from high Life into low Characters with as much Fancy as when triumphing in all the Airs and vain Graces of a fine Lady: In a Play of *Durfey's* call'd the *Western Lass*, which Part she acted, she transformed her whole Being, Body, Shape, Voice, Language, Look, and Features into almost another Animal, with a strong *Devanshire* Dialect, a broad laughing Voice, a poking Head, round

round Shoulders, an unconceiving Eye, and the most bedizz'ning dowdy Dress, that ever covered the untrain'd Limbs of a *Joan Tratt*. To have seen her here you would have thought it had been impossible the same Creature could ever have been recovered, to what was easy to her, the gay, the lively and desirable. Nor was her Humour limited to her Sex, for while her Shape permitted, she was a more adroit * pretty Fellow than is usually seen upon the Stage: Her easy Air, Action, Mein quite chang'd from the Coif to the cock'd Hat and Cavalier in Fashion. People were so fond of seeing her a Man, that when the Part of *Bays* in the *Rehearsal* had for some Time lain dormant, she was desired to take it up, which she acted with all true coxcomby Spirit and Humour, that the Sufficiency of the Character requir'd.

After an *Apology* which the *Apologist* makes for describing Mrs. *Bracegirdle* now living, he introduces her into his *Apology*, which is sufficient Authority for me to give an Abstract of that Paragraph in mine.

Mrs. *Bracegirdle* was now [1690] blooming to her *Maturity*, her Reputation as an Actress gradually rising with that of her Person: Never was any Woman in such general Favour, which to the last Scene of Dramatick Life she maintained by not being unguarded in her private Character. — This Discretion made her the *Gara*, the Darling of the Theatre: She had indeed no greater Claim to Beauty than the most desirable *Brunette* might pretend to; but her Youth and lively Aspect threw out

* She was thought so excellent in these Characters and Dress, that Mr. *Southern* wrote the Comedy call'd *Sir Anthony Love* (which Character she perform'd) on purpose for her.

out such a Glow of Health and Chearfulness, that on the Stage few Spectators that *were not past it*, could behold her without *Desire*. In all the chief Parts she acted, the *Desirable* was so predominant, that no Judge could be cold enough to consider from what other particular Excellence she became delightful.

— To speak critically of an Actress, extremely good, were as hazardous as to be positive in one's Opinion of the best Opera Singer: We can only appeal to *Taste*, and of *Taste* there can be no disputing: I shall therefore only say, that most eminent Authors always chose her for their favourite Character, and shall leave that Proof of her Merit to its own Value.

She retir'd from the Stage in the Height of her Favour, when most of her Contemporaries she was bred up with were declining, in the Year 1710. She play'd once after the Part of *Angelica* in *Love for Love*, for the Benefit of her old Friend Mrs. Betterton.

Here Mr. Colley Cibber closes his Account of these memorable Actors, of which I have given a Quotation of great Fidelity, as to the Matter of Fact chiefly contain'd; but many are the Prettinesses, Daintinesses, Rhetorical Flowers, vivifying Images, Floods of fine Language, and Rapidities of Wit, which are all like his *clear Emanation of Beauty*, they strike you into a *Regard* that has something different from *Respect*. As I am so greatly indebted to him for this Chapter, I shall follow my old Way, and, till we settle Accounts, still run myself more into his Books; therefore, what he says from his *Word* to the critical Auditors, I will borrow a *Line* or *Two*, and then again digress to myself.

“ This

“ This Account may inform or assist the Judg-
 “ ment of future Spectators, it may be of Service
 “ to their publick Entertainments; for as their
 “ Hearers are, so will the Actors be, worse or
 “ better, as true or false Taste applauds or dis-
 “ commends them. *Hence only* can our Theatres
 “ improve or must degenerate: Yet there is a-
 “ nother Point which I recommend to the Con-
 “ sideration, which is, that the extreme Severity
 “ with which they damn a bad Play, seems so
 “ terrible a Warning to those whose untry’d
 “ Genius might hereafter give them a good one:
 “ But the Vivacity of our modern Criticks is of
 “ late grown so riotous, an unsuccessful Author
 “ has no more Mercy shewn him than a noto-
 “ rious Cheat in the Pillory: Every Fool, the
 “ lowest Member of the Mob, becomes a Wit:
 “ While this is the Case, while the Theatre is so
 “ turbulent a Sea, and so infested with Pirates,
 “ what Poetical Merchant of any Substance would
 “ venture to trade in it. In a Word, these Cri-
 “ ticks seem to me like the Lions Whelps in the
 “ Tower, who are so *boisterously* gamefome at their
 “ Meals, they dash down their Bowls of Milk
 “ brought for their own Breakfast.”

I have a Word also to give to these critical Au-
 ditors, these *Lion-Cubs*, these *Pirates* in our Seas;
 but that will fall more naturally in some subsequent
 Chapter.

C H A P VI.

A State of the Stage continued.

HAVING resolved to make these Memoirs in some Manner contain the *Utile Dulci*; what by Abstracts from Mr. *Cibber's* History, and what by my own History, the Readers will find a succinct Account of the Stage, from the Year 1660 to 1740. I shall not indeed prove so descanting an Author as that great Man, yet my compendious Breviary may be of some Use and Entertainment: Of his elaborate Lucubrations mine are but an Epitome: Let him be the *Trogus Pompeius* of the Stage, I am contented to be the *Justinus*.

I am now entering into that Part of the History, where the Theatre fell frequently in Labour of Revolutions. In 1690 the Stage was under the Government of united Patentees, who had under them so compleat a Set of Actors as has been described; yet they were weak enough, or the Taste of the Publick was so weak, as to force them to it, to exhibit Spectacle; and the Expenses they were at in *Diolefsian* and *King Arthur* (though seemingly successful) were so great that they run into Debt, which found Work for the Court of Chancery twenty Years following: These Exhibitions of Spectacle made Plays of Course neglected, Actors held cheap and slightly dress'd, while Singers and Dancers were better paid and embroider'd: These Measures of Course created Murmurings on one Side, and Ill-humour and Contempt on the other. When it became necessary to lessen the Charge, Resolution was taken

taken to begin with the Players Salaries. *Nokes*, *Montford*, and *Leigh* all died this same Year, yet they chose rather to distress the surviving Actors, than encourage them. To bring this about, some of *Betterton's* Parts were given to *Powell*, and some of *Mrs. Barry's* to *Mrs. Bracegirdle*. — *Powell* accepted *Betterton's*, but *Mrs. Bracegirdle* denied *Barry's*. *Betterton* on this formed one Association, and the Patentees another. During these Contentions, Treaties of Peace were offer'd by the Actors, but haughtily refused by the other, The Publick, naturally more biassed to the Actors, whom they see and are pleased by, than Patentees whom they never see, supported their Interest; and Persons of the highest Distinction entertained the King in his Circle about Affairs of the Theatre. About this Time Queen *Mary* died, and on such Occasions all publick Diversions cease. *Betterton* and his Adherents had now Leisure to solicit Redress, and collected a Company, the Patentees being forced to accept such Actors as were the Leavings of *Betterton*. On this the Patentees engaged *Powell* and *Verbruggen*, and raised them from two to four Pounds a Week; and besides the other Leavings were Mr. *C. Gibber*; yet they were forced to recruit, and beat up for Voluntiers in distant Counties, which brought *Johnson* and *Bullock* into the Service of the Theatre Royal: Forces thus raised, they opened the Campaign; *Betterton* by Subscription at the *Lincolns-Inn-Fields Tennis-Court*, the Patentees at *Drury-Lane*, who took the Field first, Mr. *Gibber* writing their opening Prologue, having no better Poet: “ That memorable Day being, as
 “ he says, the Day his Muse brought forth her
 “ first Fruit that ever was made publick; how
 “ good

“ good or how bad imports not, but he received
 “ for it two Guineas, not being suffered to speak
 “ it himself.” The Patentees went on but lamely
 against the new Colony of Actors, who were
 like the Commonwealth of *Holland* divided from
 the Tyranny of *Spain*: — But the Simile, accord-
 ing to the Apologist, is but very little farther a
 Simile, for they found in a short Time they were
 never worse governed than when governed by
 themselves: They began to consult private In-
 terest more than the general Good; and though
 some Deference was paid to *Betterton*, several
 wanted to govern in their Turns: — * *But is not*
the same Infirmary in States? — *Dogget* could not
 with Patience look on the costly *Trains* and *Plumes*
 of *Tragedy*, in which knowing himself to be use-
 less, he thought a vain Extravagance; which
 when he could not oppose, he came over to *Dru-*
ry-Lane. — *Betterton's* Company began at last to
 lose Ground, nor was *Drury-Lane* Company in
 very great Prosperity; yet the Patentees had
 found out a Remedy against a thin House, viz.
 † *Never to pay their People when the Money did not*
come in, nor then neither, but in such Proportion as
suit their Conveniency.

Such was the Fortune of both Companies,
 when our † Master, who had practised the Law,
 and therefore loved a Storm better than fair
 Weather, thinking the Quality rather preferred
 the other Company than ours, resolved to ingra-
 tiate himself with their Domesticks, and opened
 a Gallery for the Footmen *gratis*, who were ne-
 ver before admitted into it till the fourth Act was

* *C. Gibber's* Apology.

† Ditto, p. 134.

‡ Mr. R — b, Father of the present Master of C — t-Garden Theatre.

over: This he thought would get us a good Word in their respective Families, and incite them to come all Hands aloft into the Crack of our Applauses. Hence arose this Custom, which ripened into Right, and became the most disgraceful Nuisance that ever depreciated a Theatre.

About this Time Mr. *Wilks* came from the *Dublin* Company to *Drury-Lane Theatre*: He first commenced an Actor by performing in a private Play at *Dublin*, of which Country he was a Native: He had been on *Drury-Lane* Stage before, but quitted it to go to *Ireland*, not rising in Parts there according to his Ambition: On his Return, in 1696, *Montfort* was dead, and *Powell* in his chief Parts, and the only Actor that stood in *Wilks's* Way: They soon became avowed Rivals, and without quoting their every Quarrel for Parts, be it sufficient to say, that *Wilks* by Industry, Care, and Sobriety, gained the Favour of the Publick, which *Powell*, with more Merit, by his Neglect and Intemperance forfeited.

On this Narration the Apologist observes, that an Actor is disesteemed or favoured on the Stage, more or less, according as he has or has not a due Regard to his *private Life* and *Reputation*: Nay, *false Reports* shall affect him, and become the *Cause* or *Pretence* of using him injuriously: He gives this Instance in regard to himself.

“ * After the Success of the *Beggars Opera*, I
 “ was so stupid to attempt, the following Year,
 “ something of the same Kind, on a quite dif-
 “ ferent Foundation, to recommend Virtue and
 “ Innocence: My new-fangled Performance was

* C. Gibber's Apology. p. 141.

“ called, *Love in a Riddle*, and was as vilely
 “ damned and hooted at, as so vain a Presump-
 “ tion in the idle Cause of Virtue could deserve:
 “ I will grant the *Beggars Opera* had more skil-
 “ fully gratified the publick Taste than all the
 “ brightest Authors before him. The same Au-
 “ thor wrote a Second Part to his *Beggars Opera*,
 “ and transported his Heroe beyond Sea ; but
 “ this was forbid to come on the Stage. Soon
 “ after this Prohibition *my Performance was* to
 “ come on the Stage : Great Umbrage was taken
 “ that I was permitted to have the whole Town
 “ to myself, by this absolute Forbiddance of what
 “ they had more Mind to be entertained with.
 “ And some Days before my Bawble was acted,
 “ I was informed a strong Party would be made
 “ against it : A Report it seems had ran against
 “ me, that to make Success for my own Play, I
 “ had privately found Means or Interest that the
 “ second Part of the *Beggars Opera* should be sup-
 “ pressed ; as if I, a Comedian, had been of
 “ Consequence enough to influence a great Offi-
 “ cer of State to rob the Publick of an innocent
 “ Diversion (*if it were such*) that none but that
 “ cunning Comedian might entertain them : —
 “ But against *blind Malice*, and *staring Inhumani-*
 “ *ty*, whatever is upon the Stage has no De-
 “ fence ! There they knew I stood helpless and
 “ exposed. — I had not considered, *poor Devil*,
 “ that from the Security of a full Pit, Dunces
 “ might become Wits, Cowards valiant, and
 “ Prentices Gentlemen. Whether such were
 “ concerned in the Murder of my Play, I am not
 “ certain ; I never endeavoured to discover any of
 “ my Assassins ; I cannot afford them a better
 “ Name, from their unmanly manner of de-
 “ stroying

"stroying it: it faintly held up its wounded
 "Head till the second Day, and would have
 "spoke for Mercy, but was not suffered: The
 "Presence of the Royal Heir apparent could not
 "protect it. I therefore, to stop their Clamour,
 "quitted the Actor for the Author, and told
 "them, *That since they were not inclined this Play*
 "*should go farther, I gave them my Word that after*
 "*this Night it should never be acted again; but that*
 "*in the mean Time I hoped they would consider in*
 "*whose Presence they were, and for that Reason at*
 "*least would suspend what farther Marks of Dis-*
 "*pleasure they might think I had deserved.* — After
 "a dead Silence and some little Pause, some few
 "Hands signified their Approbation. — When
 "the Play went on, I observed about a Dozen
 "Persons, of no extraordinary Appearance, sul-
 "lenly walked out of the Pit, after which every
 "Scene of it met with Applause — But it came
 "too late: *Peace to its Manes.* Now tho' this
 "was the only Tumult that I had known to
 "have been so effectually appeased, in fifty Years,
 "by any thing that could be said to an Audience
 "in the same Humour; yet it was no Merit in
 "me, because, when like me you submit to their
 "doing you all the Mischief they can, they will
 "at any Time be satisfied."

I have been more particular in the Length of
 this Quotation, as it contains a curious Anecdote
 on damning *Love in a Riddle*, and carries this
 Moral, that a *Suspicion* of an Actor's doing a *base*
Action, may lay him open to very severe and un-
 just Punishments from an Audience: This unjust
 Treatment, not three Seasons ago, became a cer-
 tain Actor's Fortune to meet: The Affair was of
 * private Nature, and therefore was thought a

publick Audience had no Right to take it under their Cognizance: The Affair was this.

There was a certain Lady, — a very fine Lady, — to whom an Actor was once so fatally ally'd that the Law gave her a Privilege to call him Husband. — Husband! — O fatal Name! This Lady was young, beautiful, sensible, and virtuous when this Actor fell in Love with her: She had appear'd on the Stage as a *Singer*, and was esteem'd an admirable one. This Actor, who was at that Time at the Head of the theatric *Revolution*, which brought back the old *Drury-Lane* Actors to their old House at *Drury-Lane*, thought this young Woman had so much of the *amiable* and *virtuous* in her, that without any other Consideration, made her his Wife. What connubial Love and Harmony subsisted sometime between them, those only can judge of whose Hearts have felt the inexpressible Delights of a sincere and mutual Union! — But alas, how short is all human Happiness! — The Lady began to grow more cool in her Affections to her Husband than her Duty, her Honour, or her Interest, ought to have suffer'd her. — Her Heart was estrang'd, and foreign Inclinations contaminated her Soul. — What can be said, when so much Innocence should plunge suddenly and rashly into Vice! — But alas!

Frailty, thy Name is Woman!

This domestic Unhappiness of the Actor brought on others: Negligent of every Thing, his Affairs grew worse, and he was at last compell'd to banish himself to another Kingdom, till Measures were taken to make his Creditors easy. During his Absence this bad Woman carried on a Correspondence of the most criminal Nature, and spread
— every

every false Report to injure him in the tenderest Point, his Honour, that witty Malice could invent, or the damnedst Fiend perpetrate; it was reported her *Husband* was not only *privy* to, but the *willing, procuring, pandering, Promoter* of her Crimes, and *his own Infamy*. — Good God! — What will not Iniquity suggest, and Uncharitableness believe? — Although

* *It is a Kind of Slander to trust Rumour.*

Yet this vile Notion too far prevail'd, as you will immediately see. — The Season of acting was now pretty far advanc'd, and this Actor, as returned to his Employment, was to do his Duty, and get his Livelyhood at the Theatre. The Night came on he was to appear; and tho' it had been bruited about the Town, that because he was a *willing Cuckold*, there was a very *virtuous Party* form'd to drive him off the Stage, and not suffer him to appear again; he paid little Regard to this Rumour, conscious of his Innocence. But the poor Devil found himself mistaken. The House was very early crowded, and the harmonious discordant Concert of *Catcalls, Whistles, &c. &c.* began to play before the Curtain drew up. — Well, — though the Actors were all frighten'd, the Play began with Calmness and Applause; but this was only a Prelude to the Battle: When the Scene came in which he was to appear, there was a dead Silence, till he popp'd his poor Head from behind the Scenes, then at once the Hurley-Burley began, Volleys of Apples and Potatoes, and such vile Trash, flew about his Ears. He retir'd, the Storm subsided; he advanc'd, it began again. — In the most humble Gesture and Address, he made

* *Vide* Motto to Letters from a Husband to a Wife, &c. published by Mr. T. C.

a Motion to be heard; it was all in vain, and he was once more pelted off. ——— But what can describe, in those dreadful Moments, the Anguish of his Heart? Who can conceive the various Agitations of his Soul? ——— Grief, Rage, Resentment, Horror, Despair mix'd with Resolution, were all at once fermenting in his Bosom. ——— But determin'd to go through the Play, he went through it amidst the greatest Uproar that ever was heard so long a Space in a Theatre, and by a confident Heart he surmounted what many of less Resolution would have sunk under.

For some time after, every Joke in a Part he himself spoke, or if, when he was on the Stage, any Thing was said that alluded to Cuckoldom, the Joke was made allusive to him, and the Audience had their Laugh. This could be born, and he knew it would die away of itself. But on a Trial in Relation to his Wife's Infamy, something gave Offence to a noble * Colonel, in the Army, who, to revenge a suppos'd Affront, raised a *Posse* against the *Actor*, and from the Boxes began a new Attack, and were determin'd he should appear no more on the Stage, till he had given the Gentleman Satisfaction, by making a publick Recantation: All Attempts were made to get over this; some of the *Royal Family* came, but their Presence was not thought of Sanction enough to curb the Insolence of *some People*, and an *obscure Thing* of an *Actor* performing his Part. He was at last forc'd, out of prudential Reasons, not from any Conviction of his Error, to give the Colonel the Satisfaction of a publick Recantation; and so that Affair drop'd.

I could enumerate several other Instances of *my own*, where my private Conduct and Character

* C. M--ret--no

have laid me under a publick Censure; but as the two Instances I have quoted are the most material, and fresh in every one's Memory, they may be thought sufficient to prove that the Publick, or rather some of the Publick, will assume a Liberty over a Player's private Life and Actions.

But now, *Reader*, let your Memory return some Page or two back, and, to carry on a Connection, remember the Reason why *Wilks* gained a Superiority over *Powell* * : " There are other " Instances, says the apologetical Historian, of " the Reward and Favour which in a Theatre, " Diligence and Sobriety seldom fail: *Mills* the " elder grew into the Friendship of *Wilks*, with " not a great deal more than these useful Qualities " to recommend him: With this Assiduity, and " this Friendship, he was advanced to a larger " Salary than any Man-Actor, during my Time " on the Stage. The Contempt and Distresses " of *Powell* struck *Booth* with such a Terror of " his Example, that though he had been a frank " Lover of his Bottle, he immediately reformed; " for which, both in his Fame and Fortune, he " enjoyed the Reward and Benefit."

I must here add a living Instance of what Care and indefatigable Industry will do: The younger *Mills*, not to take from him the Merit he has, is not equal to the late Mr. *Mills*: When he was a young Actor he followed his Father's Steps, and being endowed with a prodigious Memory, would get Parts of a very great Length, which then he had not a distant View of ever performing: This Talent, and his Application to his Business, made him, in a Course of Time, become *useful*, which

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 151.

in a Theatre, is the best Recommendation. On his succeeding to many of Mr. *Wilks's* Parts, the Town looked on him in a very indifferent Light; but his being always thoroughly perfect, and improving by Encouragement and Application, many Prejudices insensibly wore away, and now he is seen in Mr. *Wilks's* Parts not without Approbation.

I must here speak of *myself*: When I first came on the Stage the Town had very little Hopes of me, nor did I fling out the *Proffer* of any great *Genius*, yet I was industrious and observant of my Business on the Stage, and did all in my Power to become any way *useful*. I remember, that for want of a better Performer, I undertook to be the *Harlequin*, and, as few knew who it really was, I was received with more Applause than I could have imagined; sufficient enough, if I had not had an inborn Contempt for such *Mummery*, to have raised my Vanity: Nor was this my only Success in *Pantomime*; every one who remembers *Doctor Faustus* at *Drury-Lane*, must remember the *Statue*: All the Pantomimical Motions of this magic Statue had a good Effect in that Scene: they surprized, they elevated, they pleased, and were applauded: I had the Honour to animate that *Statue*, yet as the Applause I received was false, I received it not as a Tribute due to the Merit of an Actor, but the Tricks of a *Scaramouch*, or *Sadler's-Wells Tumbler*: As I had set my Father, and other first-rate Actors for my *Exemplar*, before my Eyes, I had Ambition enough to attempt their Parts, and say to Posterity,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I have from this Principle all along push'd forward for the Goal of *theatric Fame*, and throughout

out my Character, as an Actor, have kept to the *sibi constet* ; for what other Failures and Follies soever I might be guilty *propria persona*, yet in my *persona personata* on the Stage, I have done every Endeavour to please ; nor can my Enemies say, that I ever came before an Audience imperfect, or inebriated : If I have sometimes mistook my Talents, and appeared in Characters to which I was unequal, I hope and believe the Candour of the Town will excuse that *Ambition*, if in some others I give them any Pleasure.

To digress from this *Apology* to my theatric *chronological History*, to understand which, after so many intervening Paragraphs, see the succinct Account. From 1660 to 1684, the *King* and *Duke's* Companies had various Fortunes till they united : After that, the Actors Characters in 1690 are given ; a Revolution happened again in 1695, and after various Changes of *theatrick Ministers*, *Stage Cabals*, *Patentee Oppressions* (too numerous to be extracted from Mr. C. Cibber's History, as they consist chiefly of *Chit-chat*, and *l'Amusements* and *Gayete de Cœur*) they united at the Union * ———“ *Hold, let me see——Ay, it was so : I am right in my Chronology*, for the Play of “ *Hamlet* being played soon after, *Estcourt*, who “ then took upon him to say any thing, added a “ fourth Line to *Shakespeare's* Prologue to the “ Play in that Play, which originally consisted “ but of three ; but *Estcourt* made it run thus.

“ *For us, and for our Tragedy,*

“ *Thus stooping to your Clemency,*

“ *[This being a Year of Unity]*

“ *We beg your Hearing patiently.*

* C. Cibber's Apology.

The private *Policies, Law-Suits, Conversations* &c. &c. &c. I pass over, and come to the *Patent* which was granted to Mr. Colley Cibber, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Booth, and Sir Richard Steele, after the Accession of his late Majesty, not only for the Reason I mentioned before, but because I have much to say in my own *History* of the same Kind on those Subjects in which I was the * *Bustle Master-General*, as Wilks had been some few Years before: And if in my Relations there are any close Resemblances of Passages to Mr. Cibber's Apology, I shall continue to quote them, to illustrate mine, as I before promised.

Well then, in the Year 1718, the Patent was given, whereby the Stage came under the sole Management of three *Actors*, and a *Gentleman* who had long been acquainted with theatric Affairs. Under this *auspicious Triumvirate*,

A new Theatric golden Age arose.

Redeunt Saturnia Regna.

An acting *Author* now was a Judge of *Dramatic Authors*.

——— *Tuus jam regnat Apollo.*

*Oh, ye Gods! give me, give me this great Boon;
That I o'er Bards may rule, and rule alone.*

Then may I follow my great Exemplar

——— *Passibus Æquis:*

*Q mihi tam longæ moneat pars ultima Vitæ
Spiritus & quantum sat erit MEA dicere facta,
Non me Carminibus, &c.*

Quo me BACCHE rapis tui plenus, &c.

* Vide C. Cibber's Account of Wilks.

Gentle Reader, you will excuse this Rhapsody when I tell you I am writing it at One o'clock this Morning, the 20th of *May* 1740, after hearing something relating to *Drury-Lane*, of which you may hear more hereafter. But to the Patentee-Actors let us turn our View: They had now gained all they wished for, as to their *Power* and *Management* at *Drury-lane*: But at the same Time the present *Mr. Rich's* House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* was opened, which not only terrified the Managers at *Drury-lane*, but was in fact, for a great Time, a Draw-back to their Profits; however, both Patents have since subsisted a Company with various Fortune: I find nothing after of any Consequence in the theatric History worthy of Notice during the Triumvirate: They long went forward in a settled Course of Prosperity, which *Mr. Cibber* attributes to the “ * visible Errors of former Managements; from them they at last found the necessary Means to bring our private Laws and Orders into a general Observance and Approbation of our Society. Diligence and Neglect were under an equal Eye, the one never failed of its Reward, and the other, by being rarely excused, was less frequently committed.”

Yet sure there must be some Partiality in these Managers, and some Jealousy of young Actors; for several whom they slighted became at the other Stage good Actors, and were in high Esteem with a great Part of the Town; and several in their own House have since been thought excellent, who in their Management seldom or ever appeared. But Appearance, as well as Applause, is the warm Weather of a Theatrical Plant. This Ob-

* *C. Cibber's* Apology.

servation,

servation, and several others, will shew that I write as an Historian ought, without Favour or Affection.

One Reformation which the *Apologist* and his *Co-Rulers* introduced deserves Attention, as the present Stages stand in need of such another.

† “ Among other necessary Reformations, says he, what not a little preserved to us the Regard of our Auditors, was the Decency of our clear Stage, from whence we had many Years shut out those idle Gentlemen, who seemed more delighted to be pretty Objects themselves, than capable of any Pleasure from the Play: Who took their daily Stands where they might best elbow the Actor, and come in for their Share of the Auditors Attention. In many a laboured Scene of the warmest Humour, and of the most affecting Passion, have I seen the best Actors disconcerted, while these buzzing Musketoës have been fluttering round their Eyes and Ears. How was it possible an Actor so embarrassed should keep his Impatience from entering into that different Temper, which his personated Character might require him to be Master of.”

This Nuisance of having Crouds behind our Scenes is now as intolerable as ever, both to the judicious Spectator and careful Player; and nothing but the *Auri Sacra Fames* of the *Managers* would induce them to indulge such an Abuse of the Stage: They may say indeed it has been so long a Custom that young Gentlemen of Distinction will not be denied, nor is it their Interest to deny them,—Pray good Master Manager let me

ask you a Question :—Will a *dozen Crowns* compensate the Affront given to a whole Audience of a hundred or a hundred and fifty Pounds? Will or can a few young Men of Quality support your Interest like the Ladies in the Boxes, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court in the Pit, or the more grave Citizens in the first Gallery?—Well, but you answer, if such a Custom was now denied, there would be *Uproars* in the House, which of late have been of such fatal Consequence, that it would be dangerous to hazard them again.—That might be *Sirs*, as your Conduct prov'd: It has been experienced, if you give proper Notice to the Town, *None will be admitted behind the Scenes*, and your Servants execute those Orders with the greatest Complaisance, yet determined Resolution, the Evil might be soon remedied, as it is an Evil which no Pretence can defend, and all the Town will support an Alteration of: The Spectators would think themselves injur'd as well as you; and the Town very lately supported a Manager in suppressing another Nuisance, the noisy Insolence and Impertinence of the *Footmen*: In short, were they resolved to give up a few *pecuniary Pittances*, they might, in a Week, keep the Scenes as clear from these Squirts and Puffs of Foplings as ever. Besides, as *Ars est Celare artem*, it would be politick not to let them see the *Backside of our Tapestry*; for many an Actor and Actress may seem but ordinary Stuff on strict Examination, who from a front Prospect on the Stage may seem very well: Mr. *Rich*, indeed, when his own important Action is depending, has some Regard to this Rule, and the Scenes are kept clear because Persons then admitted might impede the *Scenery*; and the *Beaus* and *Impertinents* are satisfied with this Reason.—Is not then the Reason the same in relation to the Ac-

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tors, and the Scenery of a Play, as to a Pantomime:—*Res ipsa loquitur*.—This Nuisance is besides a Discouragement to an Actor's Performance; for when all who appear well dress'd are admitted behind the Scenes, may it not, as it has sometimes happen'd, give an Opportunity to a Monster dire, hated by Gods and Men, a *Catch-pole* call'd, under this Form, to touch, with magic Spell, the Shoulder-Blade of some plum'd buskin'd Heroe, and—*O! vile Shame!*—compulsive force him into *Durance base*; where, by coercive Power, he is restrain'd, till Bail of Manager shall set him free.—Such Apprehensions must alarm an Actor who may not be the best Economist; and I am sure I have often seen Faces that have given me the Palpitation of the Heart.

Mr. *Cibber* complains justly of another Distress the Managers of a Theatre are under, which, as I have myself experienc'd when I was the deputed Manager for *Summer Companies* at *Drury-Lane*, and a real one at the *Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, I shall consider this Particular. There is no greater Persecution in the Government of a Playhouse, than the Persecution of *bad Authors*: The Managers think their Case hard, and the Authors think so of theirs: Indeed it would move Pity when an ingenious Indigent has been labouring, *invita Minerva*, to heap up a Pile of Stuff which he calls Poetry, and to depend on it for more Months Support than he has been scribbling it, yet after all to find it rejected. But though rejected in the mildest Manner, and for the justest Cause, yet the Manager must fall under severe Censure, and can have no Taste for good Writing, nor knows what is Sense: He must be a Blockhead convict: Out comes an Epigram or a Satire, and we are stigmatiz'd

tiz'd as Fools, because we will not exhibit a Piece which we are sure we must lose by. But, pray, if we have Pity for a Gentleman's Circumstances, is our good Nature to carry us such Lengths as will injure ourselves? No. *Charity begins at home*; and I see no Reason why a theatrical Trader should not have the same Privilege as his Majesty's other Liege Subjects in Trade, to buy or refuse what he pleases: The Managers ought to be allowed this Liberty of judging Plays, &c. before they are brought on the Stage; for when they are brought on, the Audience will claim the Freedom of judging of them as they think proper: They damn many which are brought on, but they would have nothing else to do the Year throughout, were the Managers of a Theatre to exhibit all the theatrical Lumber which is brought to them: To give a Refusal to these Sparks is difficult, and practised differently by different Persons: Mr. *Wilks* would shew the utmost Complaisance on these Occasions, and by paying the Author Compliments on his Piece, that there were many *pretty Things* in it, but it would not do as it stood then, or that it might be alter'd for the better: By this, I say, he sooth'd the Poet's Anger, who though he went not away satisfy'd, did not go away enrag'd. Mr. *C. Gibber* was more short: He return'd a Piece with, *It is not fit for our Stage, Sir, it is not Theatrical.*—Mr. *Rich* is more laconic still, for he only says, or writes, —*It will not do.*—Mr. *Fleetwood* took a different Way from them all; he being a Gentleman of Rank by Birth, piqu'd himself on treating Authors as Gentlemen: He would see them, excuse his not having had Time to peruse their Pieces, treat them with great Deference, and desire them to call again:—Though this was a

wrong Method, and gave him much unnecessary Trouble, yet, Courtier-like, he was pleas'd with a great Number of Dependants, to all of whom he gave as much Favour as he could, and when he had kept them in Suspence sometimes too long, he dismiss'd them with much Complaisance and good Nature.—As for myself, on such Occasions, I followed my Father's Track; if I read a Piece and found it was not *Theatrical*, I return'd it to the Author, and told him so *roundly*. Perhaps the Spark, with a *misty Air*, walk'd off and wrote against me: But what car'd I—

Demens Judicio Vulgi, Sanus Meo.

But the most pleasant Way of returning an Author a refus'd Play, was that of *Quin's*: This Anecdote is worth relating. When Mr. *James Quin* was a managing Actor under Mr. *Rich*, at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, he had a whole Heap of Plays brought him, which he put in a Drawer in his Beaurœ: An Author had given him a Play behind the Scenes, which I suppose he might lose, or mislay, not troubling his Head about it. Two or three Days after Mr. *Bayes* waited on him to know how he lik'd his Play: *Quin* told him some Excuse for its not being receiv'd, and the Author desired to have it return'd.—“ There, says *Quin*, “ there it lies on that Table.”—The Author took up a Play that was lying on a Table, but on opening found it was a *Comedy*, and his was a *Tragedy*, and told *Quin* the Mistake:—“ Faith then, Sir, “ said he, I have lost your Play.”—*Lost my Play!* cries the Bard—“ Yes by G—d I have, answer'd “ the Tragedian, but here is a Drawer full of both “ *Comedies and Tragedies*, take any *two* you will in “ the Room of it.”—The Poet left him in high
Dudgeon,

Dudgeon, and the Heroe stalk'd across the Room to his *Spaw Water* and *Rhenish* with a negligent Felicity.

But to drop the Curtain of this Chapter, which shall close with Mr. *Cibber's* last Speech.

" * During our last four Years, there happen'd
 " so very little like what has been said before, that
 " I shall conclude with barely mentioning those
 " unavoidable Accidents that drew on our Dissolu-
 " tion : The first that for some Years had led
 " me the Way to greater, was the continued ill
 " State of Health which render'd *Booth* incapable
 " of appearing on the Stage. The next was the
 " Death of Mrs. *Oldfield*, which happen'd on the
 " 23d of *October*, 1730. About the same Time
 " Mrs. *Porter*, then in her highest Reputation for
 " Tragedy, was lost to us by the Misfortune of
 " a dislocated Limb, from the overturning of a
 " Chaise ; and our last Stroke was the Death of
 " *Wilks*, in *September* the Year following, 1731.
 " Notwithstanding such irreparable Losses,
 " whether, when these favourite Actors were
 " no more to be had, their Successors might not
 " be better born with than they could possibly
 " have been while the other were in Being ; or
 " that the Generality of Spectators, from their
 " Want of Taste, were easier to be pleas'd than
 " the Few that knew better ; or that at worst our
 " Actors were still preferable to any other Com-
 " pany of the several then subsisting ; or to what-
 " ever Cause it might be imputed, our Audiences
 " were far less abated than our Apprehensions had
 " suggested ; so that tho' it began to grow late in
 " Life with me, having still Health and Strength
 " enough

“ enough to have been as useful on the Stage as
 “ ever, I was under no visible Necessity of quitting
 “ it: But so it happen’d, that our surviving Fra-
 “ ternity having got some chimærical, and, as I
 “ thought, unjust Notions into their Heads,
 “ which, though I knew they were without much
 “ Difficulty to be surmounted, I chose not, at
 “ my Time of Day, to enter into new Conten-
 “ tions; and as I found an Inclination in some
 “ of them to purchase the whole Power of the Pa-
 “ tent into their own Hands, I did my best while
 “ I stay’d with them, to make it worth their
 “ while to come up to my Price, and then patiently
 “ sold out my Share to the first Bidder, wishing
 “ the Crew I had left in the Vessel a good Voyage.
 “ What Commotions the Stage fell into the
 “ Year following, or from what Provocations the
 “ greatest Part of the Actors revolted, and set up
 “ for themselves in the *Little Theatre* in the Hay-
 “ Market, lies not within the Province of my
 “ Title Page to relate: Or as it might set some
 “ Persons living in a Light they might possibly
 “ not chuse to be seen in, I will be rather thank-
 “ ful for the involuntary Favour they have done
 “ me, than trouble the Publick with private
 “ Complaints of fancied or real Injuries.”

Thus ends Mr. Colley Cibber’s History of his own
Times, and from this *Æra* I shall, as a Supplement
 to his *Apology*, continue mine. The View of the
 Stage for nine Years past, in which I have had a
 large Share of Action, may seem a proper *Appendix*
 to his more copious and laborious History.

But before I conclude this Chapter, I must do
 Justice to another compendiary Historian, old
Downes, the Prompter, who has given the Charac-
 ters of the Actors in 1706, the Year of the *Union*.
 There

There is a Particularity in his Stile and Manner, and a turgid Pompousness in his Epithets; yet it is not to be wonder'd at, having been so many Years conversant with *theatric Phrases*, and *elevated Elocution*: His Stile nor Manner are not copious and digressive as that of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, yet there is a *Something* in it, by which the judicious Reader will discern some Affinity of *Genius*. Take his Characters in their own Order and Orthography.

Mr. *Wilks*, proper and comely in Person; of graceful Port, Mein, and Air; void of Affectation; his Elevations and Cadences just: congruent to Elocution, especially in genteel Comedy; not inferior in Tragedy; the Emission of his Words free, easy, and natural, attracting attentive Silence in his Audience (I mean the Judicious) except where there are unnatural Parts, as

————— *I'll mount the Sky,
And kick the Gods like Footbals, as I fly;
As Poet Durfey has it.*

*Which puts the Voice to such obstreperous Stretch,
Requires the Lungs of a Smith's Bellows to reach.*

He is indeed the finish'd Copy of his famous Predecessor Mr. *Hart*.

Mr. *Cibber*, a Gentleman of his Time, has arrived to an exceeding Perfection in hitting justly the Humour of a starch'd Beau or Fop to the Lord *Foppington*, Sir *Fopling* and Sir *Courtly*, equaling in the last, the late eminent Mr. *Mounford*, not much inferior in *Tragedy*, had Nature given him Lungs strenuous to his finish'd Judgment.

Mr. *Estcourt*, *Histrionatus*; he has the Honour (Nature endowing him with an easy, free, unaffected Mode of Elocution) in Comedy always to
lætificate

lotificate his Audience, especially Quality (witness Serjeant *Kyte* :) He's not excellent only in that, but a superlative Mimick.

Mr. *Booth*, a Gentleman of liberal Education, of Form venust, of mellifluent Pronunciation, having proper Gesticulations, which are graceful Attendants to true Elocution, of his Time a most compleat Tragedian.

Mr. *Johnson*. He's skilful in the Art of Painting, which is a great Adjument very promovent to the Art of true Elocution, which is all requirable in him that bears the Name of an Actor: He has the Happiness to gain Applause from Court and City, witness *Morose*, *Carbacchio*, Mr. *Hothead*, and several others: He is a true Copy of Mr. *Underhill*, whom Sir *William D'avenant* judg'd 40 Years ago in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, the truest Comedian in his Company.

Mr. *Dogget*. On the Stage he is very *aspectabund*, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately framing, his Utterance congruous to his Looks: He is the only comic Original now extant.

Mr. *Pinkethman*, he is the Darling of *Fortunatus*, has gain'd more at the Theatres and Fairs in twelve Years, than those that have tug'd at the Oar of acting these 50.

Next Mr. *Mills*, Mr. *Powel*, Mr. *Bullock*; the two first excel in Tragedy, the other in Comedy.

I must not omit Praises due to Mr. *Betterton*, the first, and now only Remain of the old Stock of the Company, of Sir *William D'avenant* in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*: He, like an old stately spreading Oak, now stands fix'd environ'd round with brave, young, growing, flourishing Plants.

Mr.

Mr. Dryden, a little before his Death, rend'ring him this Praise;

“ He, like the setting Sun, still shoots a glimmering Ray,

Like antient Rome, majestic in Decay.

Having thro' this historic Narrative rather made use of History already compiled than wrote my own, the next Scenes will open with great Events, in which I was a principal Actor; what a Kind of a Part I play, or how well I perform'd it, I must submit, as I ever shall all my other theatrical Actions, to the Censure or Approbation of the Publick.

C H A P. VII.

The Author's Ambition in the remarkable Year 1720.

—— *His commencing Author. The Reasons for it. The Author and Alexander compared. Mr. Colley Cibber privately takes away King John from Drury-Lane Theatre. — The Author's Speech as a theatrical Patriot. — The Drury-Lane Company revolt from Highmore, and go to the Hay-market. The Act of Parliament for licensing the Stage considered by the Author and Mr. Colley Cibber. — Reflections on the Author of Pasquin. — A theatrical State Secret.*

THE Theatre has, with Humour and Propriety been compared to a Political State, but the Nature of its Government has never been fixed: Some affirm the natural Constitution of a Theatre is a Republick; some say it is a limited, others

others an unlimited Monarchy: What is the best, or what the original Form of Government was, or what future Kind of Government it may have, the most shrewd theatric Politician cannot affirm. Whatever my Notions may be as to national Government, yet, as to a Theatrical State, I must ingenuously confess myself Anti-monarchical: I am for a Government by a few; a Triumvirate; and I will tell you roundly, Reader, my Reason. The Stage never succeeded better than under the Triumvirate; and as I can never be a sole Monarch, this is the best Form I can think of, which would give me Power equal to a Monarch, though not the titular Honour; for my Co-partners in Empire should be little more than Cyphers, signifying, roundly, Nothing. They might indeed be *Triumvirs*, but then, like Duke *Trinculo* in the Play, I would Triumvir over them. This may seem too vain a Conjecture of my own Parts, and too vain a Contempt of the Understanding of others; but in the Sequel of this Story you will find, that as I was the Buffle-master General, I was also the Commander-General, and Treaty-master General; if with all these Commissions I could not secure to myself as much or more Power than most Monarchs in fact have, I ought to be stigmatiz'd for the errantest Dolt that ever pretended to *Ma-chiavelism*.

But after this *Pro-æmium* let me introduce Matters of Fact, for which it will be necessary to premise some few Things regarding myself before the Triumvirate was dissolv'd, and Mr. *Colley Cibber* sold his Share in the Patent, as they will the better connect what Relations, Observations, Contemplations, Ruminations, Quotations, and Argumentations which may ensue.

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From the little hopes which the Publick conceived of me as an Actor who would make any Figure, by Industry, Application, and what join'd to them is *Τὸ Πᾶν*, the All in All, *Genius*, I rose into a gradual Esteem of the Town: But lest my Significance as an Actor should not be glaring enough, I was resolv'd, young as I was, at a Time when the whole Nation was in a Bustle, to make my Share in it. In the Year 1720, when all Men thought of raising Estates, and bubbling the World out of what Money they could, I had a violent Ambition of getting much Money, and making much Noise. Would you think it, but I will confess the Simplicity of my Heart: I thought then that were I a *South-Sea* Director,

That I wou'd do—Ye Gods! —What I wou'd do!

But as I was, resolv'd I was to act something *ad-venturous* within my Sphere; and unlike the other Projectors, I built my Scheme on a valuable Foundation; and, according to City Phrase, I had the Credit of the best Man in *England* to make use of: In short, as all were commencing great Men, I was resolv'd to commence Author, and accordingly alter'd a Play of *Shakespear's* and had it brought on the Stage; nor was the Success of it much unequal to my Hopes. This indeed was thought striking a bold Stroke; to alter *Shakespear* was a Task that some Persons, merely bigotted to Antiquity, shudder'd at the Name, they calling it sacrificing, violating, affronting, and I don't know what, the Manes of that Bard: But sure all unprejudic'd Persons will not deny, that some historical Plays of *Shakespear* want what we now call *Jeau de Theatre*, that is, a ———, a ——— something necessary to make *Shakespear* be ——— more ———
more,

more, in brief more *Feu de Theatre*. My parental Exemplar had alter'd *Richard* the III^d. before, that is, he had cull'd the Flowers of two or three Plays, and had bunch'd them up into a Nosegay, for the Devil a Line did he write himself; some indeed he alter'd, but some say for the worse: In this Manner I alter'd *Henry the Sixth*; and that the present and future Age might know that I had alter'd it, I printed it with my own Name, in *capital Letters*, in the Title-Page. This is mention'd to shew that I did *patrassare* in my first setting out in a Theatre; but here I allow *non passibus æquis*. From this Instance, however, the Publick saw there was some Spirit of Audacity, and the Dawn of Genius in me. From this notable *Æra* I became more singularly remarkable both on and off the Stage: I had some few small Parts given me, in which I succeeded beyond Expectation; but as by this Time I knew so much of a Theatre, that I was sensible *Original Parts* made the strongest Influence in the Audience, I endeavour'd to get all the little, sprightly, or humorous Parts which I thought I could hit; the first in which I was more particularly taken Notice of, was the *Country Foot-Boy*, in the *Conscious Lovers*. The Part was but a few Lines, yet I, without Affectation say, that I struck into the awkwardly-pert-cunning of such an unlick'd Cub, so naturally, that I had as many Claps as Speeches. I valued not the Length of a Part so much as its Humour, and if I had Applause when I was on the Stage, I was better satisfied than being on the Stage longer, and having no Applause at all: Other young Actors of the House thought in regard to me, what *Wilks* and *Powel* did as to Mr. *Cibber*, *sen.* —

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* “ They generally measured, says he, the Goodness of a Part by the Length of it: I thought none bad by being short, that were closely natural, nor any the better for being long, without that Quality. But in this I doubt as to their Interest they judg’d better than myself, for I have generally observ’d, that those who do a great deal not ill, have been preferr’d to those who do but little, though never so masterly.” As to the latter Part of the Sentence, Experience has prov’d equally, that to act much tolerably, and not so much masterly, are the Ways to rise to the Top of a Theatre: Mr. *Gibber* was himself a Master of a Company, and it is no very great odds, but Mr. *T. C.* may succeed to the same Post of honourable Profit.

As I rose into some Degree of Approbation, I succeeded Mr. *Norris*, commonly call’d *Dicky Norris* in several of his Parts; which, with several others, that I was well receiv’d in, put me a little upon my Mettle; and I began to think, as I had heard my Father say, he was taken Notice of most for being an Author as well as an Actor, that I would pursue the same Measures. I soon came to a Resolution, for Ambition in great Souls acts with incredible Rapidity. ——— *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, I thought an excellent Apothegm: *Nec mora, nec requies*, Pen, Ink, Paper, a Collection of Plays, &c. being prepar’d, to Work went I. When I had thought of a Plot, struck out Hints for some Characters, and fix’d in the Name of a Comedy, I communicated, at a proper Opportunity, my Design to my Father. He heard me with an indolent Air, and gave me no Answer, but lolling back

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in his great Chair, took a *Pinch of Snuff*, and fell asleep. — It is impossible to conceive the tumultuous Passions that then agitated my whole human Frame :

*Quick beat my Heart, my Pulse ran high,
And Vengeance darted from my Eye;
Upon my Brow sat lowering Care,
And all the Horror of Despair.*

—— Yet I waited till he awoke, and repeated to him my Design of writing a Comedy. ——
“ *A Comedy, Boy! Thou write a Comedy!* ” ——
Yes, Sir, says I, why not? You wrote a Comedy before you was my Age. — “ *True, Child; but, my Dear, I hope you don't think of this Affair seriously.* ” —— Yes, Sir, I have thought on it, and have begun it, and half wrote it. — “ *Well, but barkye, Sir, What has put you on this Exploit? Fame, Fame, I suppose, and Parnassian Glory: Pr'ythe stick to thy Business as an Actor, and don't shew yourself in a double Capacity a Coxcomb.* ” ——
Saying this, he took a Pinch of Snuff, and walk'd off. —— Reader, you may believe I was not in a little Confusion, and you may equally credit me, when I tell you I thought my *Father* as errant a conceited pragmatistical self-sufficient *Coxcomb* as ever he represented. However, on I went with my Play, and when I had finish'd three Acts, I accidentally happen'd to be with him alone, when he surpriz'd me, by saying, “ *Well, Boy, What is become of this Comedy of thine? Hast thou wrote a favourite Scene yet?* ” I told him what Progress I had made, when, taking a Pinch, and smiling, “ *Pr'ythe, says he, what dost thou mean? What a Gad's Name, THE' inspires you in this Attempt?* ” ——
That Principle, Sir, said I, that most of
the

the World act upon, *Interest*. You know, Sir, I have not been the most frugal Oeconomist ; my Finances low, my Debts high, and my Creditors impatient ; a Comedy, Sir, from me would set all right : I am sure it will do ; my writing it would make it run : The Name would raise a *Curiosity*.

— “ Yes, Sir, answer’d he, *thy Name, for my Name-sake, would secure your being damn’d.* —

“ *However, as this is the State of the Case, let me see*

“ *your Play when you have finish’d it, and I will let*

“ *you know more of my Mind. I like the Reason you*

“ *give for writing, and therefore shall not oppose it.*”

— Now my Heart bounced with Joy, and what will not the Gratification of our Desires work upon our Heart ? I began to love my Father ; I look’d on him in another Light, and instead of thinking him a *Coxcomb*, thought he talk’d like a very sensible Man. In a Fortnight my Play was finish’d, and I brought it him, and read it : He told me it was a rough Pebble, yet might do with a little polishing ; for it was a tolerable good first Play : In brief, it pleas’d him so much, that he lick’d the rude *Poetic Cub* into that Form in which it afterwards appear’d. On his Consent it should be brought on the Stage immediately, I could not help ruminating on the Happiness of my Case as an Author ; for there was not one Author then living could have brought a Performance on the Stage without infinite Trouble, Vexation, Charge and Interest. I took Care it should get into Rehearsal at the Time the Managers had appointed, who were so civil as to compliment me with the prime Part of the Season. *It may smell pragmatical in the Nostrils of Gravity*, yet I cannot here help remarking what Ideas the Thirst of *Fame* and *Interest* will raise in a generous Mind. The Reader will think,

Alexander the Great and I, can have no Analogy on this Occasion: But though my Character is not *parallel* to him, my Soul may. The Minds of two Men, though they are plac'd at some Distance, if they think in a right Way, will and must meet in one and the same Thought; so every one knows two parallel Lines, the least inclining to one another in the Progression, must and will meet in one and the same Point; as then an Analogy between *Me* and *Alexander* may be mathematically prov'd, I'll show it also by Example. The *Macedonian* when he had meditated in Youth high Exploits, and noble Feats of Arms, his Breast all swelling with the Heaves and Throws of Ambition, he set before his Eyes the Acts of *Achilles*; inspir'd by these he shook his brandish'd Falchion; on Conquest he resolv'd; — resolv'd and conquer'd: so I ruminating on dramatic Fame, *Par-nassian* Glory, and three third crowded Nights, set before my Eyes the Writings of *Colley Cibber*; inspir'd by those, I brandish'd high my Pen, hurling Defiance in vile Critick's Teeth. On Triumph I resolv'd. — resolv'd and triumph'd — Now some smart theatrical *Wou'dbe* will say this Comparifon proves me no more like *Alexander the Great*, than that of *Fluellin's* in *Henry the Fifth* does him like *Alexander the Pig*: This would give me no Pain.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

But as to my Play: When it began to mellow in Rehearsal, and was almost ripe enough for the Stage; a pestilential Blast of Envy had like to have destroy'd it, and with it all my fair Hopes: A Rumour had gone abroad, that truly this Comedy was none of mine, but my Father's; and that he, not willing

willing to stand the Bears any more, brought it out under my Name. As ridiculous as this was, it gain'd Belief among many, therefore it was thought necessary that I should make a previous Apology to the Town to set Matters in a true Light, and to take off Prejudice: Accordingly I wrote a *Letter* to the *Town*, and printed it in one or more of the publick Papers, in which I told them that, upon my Word and Credit, it was all *my own Doings*, and that my Father never wrote a Line of it, or saw it. Notwithstanding this Letter, and the intrinsic Value of the Comedy, there was great Opposition made to the Play, and damn'd it had surely been, if the Epilogue spoke by my first Wife *Fenny Cibber* and me had not sav'd it; for my Father knowing how it would be, wrote an *Epilogue* as a *Dialogue*, between me and *Fenny*, in which she told me I was a *Blockhead to write*, and that I was my *Father's own Son*; all which were strong Jokes with the Audience. I put on a pitiful Face, told her I wrote to pay my Debts, and that I would for the future, prove a good and loving Husband, if she would save my Play: The Audience being won by her Entreaty, to

“ Give us, at least, an honest Chance to live,

The Play liv'd nine Nights. ——— This being the chief Incident of my Life as an *Author*, I have been somewhat prolix in the Account of it; and have yet some more Observations to make. I mention'd that I wrote a Letter to the Town previous to the Performance of my Play: Now there is a Parallel to this in the Conduct of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, which is not mention'd in his Apology, his *Apology* not reaching to that Time. Every one must remember that three Years ago Mr. *Colley Cibber*

Cibber brought to *Drury-Lane Theatre* his Play, alter'd from *Shakespear*, call'd *King John*: It was no sooner in Rehearsal, but slap the Criticks were at him directly; Letters, Epigrams, Odes, Jokes, and all the Ribaldry of *Grubstreet* flew about in the Papers, and it was said the Templars, and their *Posse Legislatorum*, were engag'd to damn it. On this Mr. *Cibber* wrote a Letter, directed, *To the Students of the Inns of Court*, and very handsomly and mighty civilly desired them to do no such Thing. This Letter was new Fuel to the Flame; they fell foul of the Letter immediately, from whence he might easily conjecture how they would use his Play: But what could he do; the Play was just ready to be perform'd, the Actors perfect, Scenes painted, and much Time had been spent which the Master of the House would otherwise have been using to his Interest, therefore he could not fairly withdraw it: However, he was resolv'd it should not be damn'd; and fearing the Master might insist on its being play'd, what does he, but at a Rehearsal, seeing his Play lying on the Prompter's Table, he takes up the Copy, and puts it up into his Pocket *snug*, and decently walk'd off with it, resolving he would not run the Risque of so precarious a Fortune.

I shall here, while I think of it, speak of a Theatrical Conduct lately practis'd, nor can I speak of it in any Place more proper than in this: I mean, that of Persons belonging to a Theatre addressing the Town by Letters.

I must confess, that I and my Father first practis'd this Art, with the same Success: It laid us open to the Criticism of Coffee-house Wits, who thought soberly on what we wrote hastily: There was such canvassing the Style; this was not *Grammar*,

mar, and that was not *Sense*; one Thing was *false English*, another a *Cibberism*: But besides the Jokes, which if nothing else are nothing at all, they debated the Point over, and form'd themselves into Parties, which we experienc'd were not to our Advantage. I have, indeed, since the Time of my Play, address'd the Town, and with the same Success; for I find by our Theatric Squabbles and Alterecations we make as much Amusement to the Town in a Morning, as by our Performance in an Evening. The Contentions for the Part of *Polly* between Mrs. *Clive* and my late ——— I was going to say *Wife*; ——— but a late *Woman* who was call'd by my Name: That Contest, I remark, furnish'd a copious Topic for Conversation, Argument, and Publication, and ended with Noise and Uproars in the Play-house: There has been the same Thing practis'd by *Monsieur Denoyer* and *Mademoiselle Roland*, and before by *Monsieur Pointier* and *Mademoiselle Roland*, *versus* Messieurs *Quin* and *Fleetwood*, and yet another, which made not a little Noise, between the two *Harlequins*, Messieurs *Philips* and *Woodward*. The Consequence of all these Addresses has been this; the Town is call'd into the Playhouse, as the *dernier Resort*, to judge of Things which the *Master* of the House is only Judge of: When the Judges come to this mixt Court of Judicature, where all present may pass Sentence, they are divided in Opinion, and then the Question must be decided by Noise and Tumult, and they who are the greatest Rioters carry it. I do not find that any of these epistolary Addresses to the Town from theatric Performers have done them any Service, nor would I advise, on any Occasion, to have Recourse to such Expedients: However, there is no Rule without Exception. Mr. *Rich*, who has never suffered his
People

People to make Appeals, nor ever made them himself, was at last drawn in by meer Necessity. A little, trifling, pragmatikal, obscure *Pothecary*, that lives in some bye Street or Alley about *Covent-Garden*, one *J—H—ll*, publishes a *Thing* call'd the *Opera* of *Orpheus*, and in a scurrilous Preface to it, abuses Mr. *Rich* for having stole his Entertainment of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* from his *Orpheus*, and instigated the Publick to do Justice for so notorious a Fraud; nor was this Pamphlet his only Attack: He run about the Town, made Parties, and People from his Representations, thought him really injured: Now it became necessary for Mr. *Rich* likewise to appeal to the Town, and to set the Affair in a true Light, and plainly narrate downright Matters of Fact: To this *H—ll* replied, with all the scoundrel Scurrility his little Wit could afford: and I also became an Object of his Malice. There was a candid Answer printed to his Pamphlet the Night before the Entertainment came out. This Address to the Public, from Mr. *Rich*, was necessary, and had the desired Effects: The first Night the *Entertainment* was *crowded*, and was received with general Applause; and the World has never since hear'd of that *J—H—ll*, who sunk into that Obscurity from whence he emerg'd.

But to return, Reader, to that Station in the Theatre from whence I digress'd. After having wrote my Play call'd the *Lover*, I began to think myself every Day of more and more Consequence; and having got an Insight into the Manner of Managing, I began to think I was Equal to the Management of a young Company to play in the Summer Season. Accordingly I got Leave from Mr. *Wilks*, and the other Masters, to form a young
Company,

Company, and, to play during the Vacation: This was no bad Thing for the Masters, nor the inferior Players; for the first receiv'd a settled Payment for the Use of a few old Scenes and Cloaths, and the latter generally five or six Days pay *per* Week for two Days Performance. Besides, I generally brought out some new Pieces and Farces, which not only turned to our immediate Account, but to the Good of the *Actors*, as *Actors*, and to the *Masters*, by becoming very gainful Performances the Winter or two following. To instance this, I need say no more than that *George Barnwell*, the *Devil to pay*, the *Mock Doctor*, and the *Beggars Opera*, the Part of *Polly* by Mrs. *Clive*, were first perform'd under my Management of Summer Companies: From these young Companies see what Performers have been chiefly sprung; Mrs. *Clive*, Mrs. *Buttler*, and, though last, not least in Love ——— MYSELF. This Custom I continued till the Revolution of the whole Company under my Conduct, of which more hereafter. This Management of mine was an undoubted Proof of my Abilities, and I did imagine I might become a Manager in my own Right: But, alas! how frail are all human Hopes! On the Death of Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Cibber*, *sen.* sold out, at a proper Opportunity, his Share of the Patent to Mr. *Hughmore*, a Gentleman who had a great liking to theatrical Affairs, and who had play'd some Parts on the Stage, meerly, I suppose, to shew what a Judge he was of acting, and consequently of Actors. The Parts he play'd were *Hotspur* and *Lothario*. This Gentleman, besides his Liking to theatrical Affairs, had chiefly a Liking to theatrical Gain: He had heard, and partly seen what Profits the Managers had made for a long

long Course of Years, and had a Mind to purchase what he thought would prove so fine an Income : How his Expectations were answered, you will find related. Here I must disclose a Secret ; When Mr. *Gibber, sen.* sold out his Share in the Patent, I was desperately alarm'd, and look'd on it as a Piece of Injustice done to myself : For I thought his Share, or at least the major Part of his Share, would have devolved upon me as an Inheritance ; therefore I looked on myself as a *disinherited Son*, and that *Highmore* had bought, clandestinely, my *Birth Right*, or rather by sinister Means *deprived* me of it. This may serve for a Reason why I so heartily enter'd into the Measures I afterwards prosecuted : On Mr. *Booth's* Death the Patent became invested to the Property of Mr. *Highmore*, the Widow *Booth*, and the Widow *Wilks*. The whole Company began to murmur at being rul'd by so motley a Kind of Government as they were now falling under, *viz.* A Man who knew nothing of the Business, and two Women unfit for such a Province : Mr. *Ellis* was indeed deputed to act for Mr. *Wilks*, but I believe that did not much better the Affairs : Mr. *Ellis*, however, became not only a Deputy to Mrs. *Wilks*, but Prime-Minister and *Fac-Totum* to *Highmore*. This could be no pleasant Situation for the other Actors, who had been so many Years labouring in the Theatre, and bore the Burthen of the Day ; such as the elder *Mills*, Mr. *Johnson*, *Miller*, *Griffin*, and some others, who, though younger, had some Claim, as *Mills, jun.* and *myself* : I found this an admirable Time to put in Execution a Design I had plan'd, which was, at a proper Opportunity, to sling off the Yoke, and set up for Masters and Managers ourselves :

At

At one of our private Meetings all were complaining, yet no one proposed a Méthod of Redress, when I got up from my Chair and thus delivered myself.

Gentlemen,

“ **M**Y Heart never beats with a stronger Joy
 “ than when I have a Power of *thinking*
 “ and *acting* right: I think the Glow that now
 “ warms my Bosom is raised by *Truth* and che-
 “ rished by *Sobriety*. Long have you complained
 “ of the Tyranny you groan under, and long have
 “ looked with Indignation on your Chains: But
 “ what, *O ye Gods!* can avail lugubrious Lamen-
 “ tations? Of what Force is such female Rhetor-
 “ rick? — If you think you receive Injuries,
 “ deliver yourselves from them: If you would
 “ not be *Slaves*, be *free*: If you have a *Will* to
 “ be so, you have *Power*. Under what Bonds
 “ are you confined? By what Allegiance are you
 “ restrained? You have a glorious Cause: You
 “ may be the Asserters of the Cause of *Liberty*.
 “ What though your Enemies have got the *Pa-*
 “ *tent*, you have your own *Talents*, your own *En-*
 “ *dowments* of *Nature*, and *Acquisitions* of *Art*.
 “ What is the *Great Seal* to you? You may say
 “ of *that*, as was said by a great and bold Man of
 “ *Magna Charta*, it was a *Magna Farta*. If you
 “ have *Spirits*, *Resolution*, and *Conduct*, a fair
 “ Road invites to *Wealth*, *Fame*, and *Freedom*.
 “ You may take their House of some of the Ren-
 “ ters, and get Possession of it by *Artifice*, and set
 “ up yourselves: A *Stratagem* in War is no
 “ Crime: Or, failing in that, you may, *pro tem-*
 “ *pore*, take the little *Hay-market House*. Your
 “ Company will be better than theirs, and No-
 “ velty

“ velty of Places will be changing the Scene, and
 “ give Succes. Perhaps it may be objected we
 “ have no *Exchequer*, no *Scenes*, no *Cloaths*, with
 “ a long *Et cætera*. What then? You may
 “ have Credit enough — Though some among
 “ you have not much Credit in a *private Capacity*,
 “ yet in a *publick Capacity*, as a Body corporate,
 “ as it were, much Credit will be given: There
 “ are monied Men who will adventure Sums on
 “ such a Proceeding: Therefore, *Sirs*, no longer
 “ shew this *Inanity of Complaint*; the Means of
 “ Freedom are in your own Possession, which, if
 “ you refuse, may you be perpetual Slaves, and be
 “ sold like a Herd of Sheep from one Purchaser to
 “ another: If you dare be otherwise, by this *honest*
 “ *Heart* I will risque my Life and Fortune with
 “ you, and prove to you, that I cannot only, *Fari*
 “ *quæ sentio sed Agere quæ sentio, speak* what I
 “ *think*, but *act* accordingly.”

This Harangue had all the Success that I could
 wish; They resolved no longer to bear the galling
 Yoke of Tyranny, but assert that Liberty and
 Property which all true *Britons* are so tenacious
 of. When the Season was quite over, we thought
 it a proper Time, having gain'd some of the Ren-
 ders to our Side, to endeavour to gain Possession of
 the Theatre; but in this we fail'd, though we at-
 tacked it, *Vi & Armis*. On this Disappointment,
 we all agreed, that the only Place we could pitch
 our Tents at, and open our theatrical Campaign,
 must be at the little House in the *Hay-market*.
 Several Objections were made to the Situation of
 the Place, and the Smallness of the Theatre; but,
 as I had the Revolution strongly at Heart, I talked
 them and perswaded them out of all their Objec-
 tions.

tions. At Length it was resolv'd, in a full Council of War, that we would encamp at the *Hay-market*; we accordingly took the House of one *Potter*, a Carpenter, who was the Landlord, bespoke all our dramattick Equipages and Furniture, and held frequent Councils to settle the Operations of the ensuing Campaign. At the Fair of *Bartholomew* we gain'd some Recruits; but besides those Advantages over the Enemy, I myself went there in Person, and publickly *exposed* myself: This was done to sling Defiance in the Patentees Teeth; for on the Booth where I exhibited, I hung out the *Stage-Mutiny*, with *Pistol* at the Head of his Troop, our Standard bearing this Motto, — *We Eat*. — In a few Days after, the Patentees opened with *Æsop*, to which they added an occasional Scene, written formerly by Sir *John Vanburgh*, on a prior Desertion of Actors, wherein they thought they did great Service to the Patentees, and cast a severe Reflection on us: They next attack'd us by another old, worn-out, rhapsodical Affair of one *Feildings*, call'd the *Author's Farce*, in which I and my Father were daily ridicul'd: But all this I laugh'd at in my Sleeve, well considering, that joking on the *Cibbers* could not hurt us. On the contrary, we open'd with *Love for Love*, and got up all the strongest Plays with a diligent Expedition. Our Company consisted of the old *Veterans*, who were allow'd by the Town to be greatly superior to our Antagonists; for excepting Mrs. *Clive* and Mrs. *Horton*, there was not one in their Company but was the contemptible Refuse of the Theatre. We had also receiv'd an additional Force, by receiving Mr. *Milward*, who having left Mr. *Rich* on some Disgust, join'd our Forces. The Patentees imagin'd that much depended on

the Number of their Troops, and they had try'd considerable Reinforcements from strolling Companies; but being all awkward and undisciplin'd, they were no more to compare to us than the County Militia to the King's Body-Guards *. —

“ What rude, riotous Havock was made of all
 “ the late dramatic Honours of our Theatre! All
 “ became at once the Spoil of Ignorance and Self-
 “ Conceit! *Shakespear* was tortur'd and defac'd in
 “ every single Character. *Hamlet* and *Othello*
 “ lost in one Hour all their good Sense, their Dig-
 “ nity, and Fame. *Brutus* and *Cassius* became
 “ noisy Blufferers, with bold unmeaning Eyes,
 “ mistaken Sentiments, and turgid Elocution:
 “ Not young Lawyers in hir'd Robes and Plumes
 “ at a Masquerade, could be less what they could
 “ seem, or more awkwardly personate the Cha-
 “ racter they belong'd to.” This exclamatory
 Investive of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, on the Revolution
 which *Betterton* made, is so *apropos* to my Revolution,
 I could not forbear quoting it. As we met
 with much Success, and the Patentees with none
 at all, they thought to effect by Policy what they
 could not obtain by Force: They endeavour'd
 therefore to silence us, not by the Authority of the
 Lord Chamberlain, but that of an Act of Parlia-
 ment, by which they would prove us Vagabonds.
 To effect this, Mr. *Harper* was taken up as a Va-
 gabond, and was committed to *Bridewell*: But on
 the Trial of the Legality of his Commitment, it
 appear'd that he was not within the Description
 of the Act of the Twelfth of Queen *Anne*, against
 Vagabonds, he being a House-keeper, and having
 a Vote for the Members of Parliament for *West-*
minster:

* *C. Cibber's Apology* p. 116.

minster : He was therefore discharg'd, and conducted through the Hall, amidst the triumphant Acclamations of his theatric Friends. Having carried this important Point, we had nothing to fear from the Patentees, knowing now that our Success depended solely on our own good Conduct, and the Favour of the Publick. I cannot but confess that we had dismal Apprehensions of the Force of the Act, which would have so fix'd the Power of the Patent, that we must *invitis animis* have return'd to the Dominions of our former Masters : We had indeed got a specious Colour of a Licence, and put at the Top of our Bill, *By Licence of the Master of the Revels* ; for which titular Honour we paid him handsomly ; yet we did this rather to induce the Publick to think we play'd by a legal Authority and under the Sanction of the Court, than for any Right which we thought it conferr'd on us. We could not be ignorant that Mr. Giffard's Company at *Goodman's Fields* was then playing against all the Opposition that could be made to it, against the Power of the City of *London*, and even their Remonstrances to the Court that it was a Nuisance. In short, it was not then thought in the Power of the Crown to suppress a Playhouse, though acting without Royal Licence and Permission, because it was not evidently an illegal Thing. But the Case is now alter'd by a late Act of Parliament, which has fix'd all Power in regard to Theatres and theatrical Affairs in the Lord Chamberlain for the Time being : As this Act is of such Importance to the Theatres, and the passing it caus'd great Debates in both Houses, it may be proper to consider the Cause and Reasons given for having it enacted ; in relating which, I may give some curious Anecdotes, and State-

Secrets, which Mr. C. Cibber has omitted; yet I shall open my Narrative in his Words, as they are an Invektive against a certain Person, for whom also I have a Word or two in *Petto*.

“ * These tolerated Companies gave Encouragement to a broken Wit to collect a fourth Company, who for sometime acted Plays in the *Hay-Market*, which House the united *Drury-Lane* Comedians had quitted. This enterprising Person, I say, (whom I do not chuse to name, unless it could be to his Advantage, or that it was of Importance) had Sense enough to know, that the best of Plays with bad Actors would turn but to a very poor Account, and therefore found it necessary to give the Publick some Pieces of an extraordinary Kind, the Poetry of which he conceiv'd ought to be so strong, that the greatest Dunce of an Actor, could not spoil it. He knew too, that as he was in haste to get Money, it would take up less Time to be intrepidly abusive, than decently entertaining; that to draw the *Mob* after him, he must rake the Channel, and pelt their Superiors; that to shew himself Somebody, he must come up to *Juvenal's* Advice; and stand the Consequence.

“ *Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris & carcere dignum*

“ *Si vis esse aliquis.* - - -

Juv.

“ Such then was the mettlesome Modesty he set out with; upon this Principle he produc'd several frank and free Farces that seem'd to knock all Distinctions of Mankind on the Head. Religion, Laws, Government, Priests, Judges, “ and

“ and Ministers were all laid flat at the Feet of
 “ this † *Herculean Satyrift*. This Drawcanfir in
 “ Wit, that spar’d neither Friend nor Foe ; who,
 “ to make his Fame immortal, like another *Ero-*
 “ *stratus*, set Fire to his Stage by writing up to an
 “ Act of Parliament to demolish it. I shall not
 “ give the particular Strokes of his Ingenuity a
 “ Chance to be remember’d, by reciting them ;
 “ it may be enough to say, in general Terms, they
 “ were so openly flagrant, that the Wisdom of
 “ the Legislature thought it high Time to take
 “ Notice of them. ”

The Person of whom Mr. *Cibber* only gives the
 Outside Lines of his Pourtrait, is at present well
 known by those only ; but that Posterity may
 know this iniquitous Son of Wit, who has fell under
 this heavy Censure of the Laureat for satirizing
 the just Measures of the present all-just, all-wise,
 and all-powerful Minister ; I will subscribe the
 Name of *H—y F—d—g*, Esq; Author of *Pas-*
quin, the *historical Register*, *Eurydice his’d*, and o-
 thers of the same political Cast. To these Farces,
 which were allegorical Satires on the Administra-
 tion, the Town run with the utmost Avidity of
 Defamation and Scandal : He drew the *Mob* after
 him from *Grovesnor*, *Cavendish*, *Hanover*, and all
 the other fashionable Squares, as also from *Pall*
Mall, and the *Inns of Court* : I call them as the
 Apologist I quoted calls them, *Mob* ; for there
 may be your *Mobs of Quality* as well as *Mobs of*
Raggimuffins ; your *Magnum vulgus & imum* —
 Your great *Vulgar* and the small. — Well —
 These *Mobs* or *Multitudes*, or *Concourse*, or
 L 3 Audiences.

† This is to be taken in a double Sense, the Person struck
 at having since called himself *Hercules Vinegar*, and is the notorious
 Author of the *Champion*.

Audiences, call them what you will, resorted nightly to hear these Farces, and were dull enough not only to think they contain'd Wit and Humour, but Truth also. It could not but regret me to see some noble Peers and Gentlemen I had entertain'd a very good Opinion of, as to their Parts and Capacities, sitting in the Side-boxes, and seemingly delighted with the Performance: But I have Charity enough for these Gentlemen to think they did all this more out of Party-Zeal, and to byass the *Mob*, than from any Conviction, there was, in those Farces, either Sense, Humour, or Truth. — But what will not Men prostitute in a Party-Cause! — The Successes of these dramatic Pieces made the M——r not a little uneasy, nor could the merry droll Mortal his Brother keep his Temper; for let some Men be as facetious as they please, and love a Laugh as much as they will, they don't like the Laugh to be always on them. I and my Father, who can bear as much laughing at, and have had as much laughing at, as any two Persons in the Kingdom, not excepting the two honourable Gentlemen I just now mention'd; yet though we carry it off in Company, it stings, it hurts our Hearts to be the standing Objects of Raillery; and I will not say, but if we could as well avenge the Insults on us, as the M——r could against him, but we might perform it. . . . But to the Point. From these farcical Satires, a dainty Opportunity offer'd itself to the great Man, not only to suppress those, but to bring all Stages, and all Stage-writings under such a Restriction, that nothing should be exhibited for the future that should give him the least Uneasiness. Here was an admirable Proof of deep Policy and Sagacity, to make the Satire of his Enemies be the Tools of his Interest:

A Scheme was laid to accomplish his Design, it was put in Execution, and it succeeded.

I must here enter the Verge of private History, and by the following Anecdote shew, that I have that great Talent of an Historian, not to dare to speak false, and not afraid to speak Truth.

Mr. Giffard had removed about this Time from Goodman's Fields to Lincoln's-Inn Fields House, which he had hir'd of Mr. Rich; His Removal had not answer'd his End, and his Affairs began to grow desperate. He had never as yet given any prejudicial Offence to the Court, yet was suppos'd not to have such Obligations to it, as to deny, at this Juncture, the performing a Farce which might bring him a large Sum of Money. At this same Time, in a most vile Paper, call'd *Common Sense*, there was a libellous Production call'd the *Golden Rump*, which the Town and the Mob were Fools enough to think Wit and Humour: Now as the hitting in with the Humour of the multitudinous Mob is very advantageous to a Theatre, a Dramatick Piece was wrote on the *Golden Rump* Subject, and call'd the *Golden Rump*, which was given Mr. Giffard to be performed; but before it was rehears'd it so happen'd, no Matter how or why, but so it happen'd, that Mr. Giffard went to *Downing-Street* with this Satirical Farce in his Pocket, which was delivered to a great Man for his Perusal; and it was found to be a scurrilous, ignominious, traiterous, scandalous, &c. &c. &c. Libel against Majesty itself. It was immediately carried to — shown to — explain'd to — and remonstrated to — that if there was not an immediate Act of Parliament to stop such Abuses, not Regal Dignity was safe from them. — *Actum est.* — 'Twas done. — The Point gain'd in a Moment, and

and a proper Act order'd to be got. — Well, now, says some impatient Reader, *What of all this? What Secret is this? By what Inference or Inuendo does this show the M...s Policy or Finesse?* ... Prithee don't be so misty, and let me ask you a Question by Way of a Suppose. — Suppose Sir, this same *Golden Rump* Farce was wrote by a certain great Man's own Direction, and as much Scurrility and Treason larded in it as possible. — Suppose *Giffard* had a private Hint how to act in this Affair, and was promis'd great Things to play a particular Part in this Farce. — Suppose he was promised a *separate-Licence*, or an Equivalent: — You may then suppose the M..... a thorough Politician, who knew to manage bad Things to the best Advantage. — *O! but*, say you, *I will not found my Belief on Supposes* — Truth may be supposed: Suppose this Truth and you may be right. — If you are so ungenteel to require Proof demonstrative I have done with you, and can only refer you to the Author and Negotiators of the *Golden Rump*. — This however, is notoriously certain, that the Farce of the *Golden Rump* was carried to a great Man, and the Master of the Playhouse, who carried it, was promised something, which he has been some Time in a vain Expectation of, but will now, in all Probability, end in nothing at all.

But, laying aside private Anecdotes of the obtaining the late Playhouse Act, I must mention what was known to all: The Masters of the two Houses acting under the Patent made no Opposition to this Bill; they did all in their Power to promote it, because it would suppress, for the present, all Theatres but their own: They were so full of this Prospect, that they did not perceive

perceive they were at the same Time becoming absolute Dependants on a M——r; for the Bill contained a Clause, that the Lord Chamberlain should have a Power of licensing other Theatres, if he so thought proper, within the City and Liberties of *Westminster*. The Actors were indeed alarm'd, and imagin'd this Act would lay them under Oppressions, from which they could gain no proper Redress for the constant immemorial Way of redressing Grievances, in the Government of a Theatre, is to raise a Revolt, and bring about a Revolution: But the Security of the Masters of the Playhouses, and the Alarm of the Actors were both ill founded, as I shall, in the subsequent Narration, make appear. If the Lord Chamberlain can grant another Licence, why then should not the Actors, who may be aggriev'd by the present Masters, endeavour to gain one? I only ask that Question here; I may explain it in another Place.

* Mr. C. *Gibber* has made a copious and florid Dissertation, as well political as theatrical, on this Law: He proves Satire on a Minister, when represented on the Stage, is stronger than any Satire can be that is read in the Closet, therefore to license the Stage could bear no Analogy with licensing the Press: "He lays it down also, that
 "a theatrical Insult to the present Minister, is
 "equal to the Stab *Guiscard* gave the late Lord *Oxford*:" Then adds, "Was it not as high
 "Time to take this dangerous Weapon of mimical Insolence and Defamation out of the Hands
 "of a mad Poet, as to wrest the Knife from the
 "listless Hand of a Murderer?" — In short, the *Laureat* has shewn himself a profound Politician,

* *Vide C. Gibber's Apology*, p. 165.

man, by becoming a *voluntary Champion* for that Law: He says, he writes on this Subject to shew the *true Pourtrait of his Mind*, and to shew how far he is or is not a *Blockhead*: Perhaps this was not the only Motive; if he had another Design than merely to give his *shallow Reasons a little Exercise*, and if it should succeed, the World must admire at the Depth of his Speculations. I shall illustrate this Remark when I come to descant on some Transactions of a very late Date, thinking it now Time to return to that Part of my History from whence I digress'd.

By the Release of *Harper*, we gain'd a compleat Conquest over the Patentees; they indeed carried on the Campaign, but with such Losses and Disadvantage, that Mr. *Higmore*, the chief Sharer and Director, began to think it the most prudent Method to make the best Retreat he could: Upon my Soul, though as an Enemy in the Field I could not be displeas'd with his Distress; yet, as he paid so many thousand Pounds to my Father, my honest Heart could not but feel for his being plung'd in an Affair he knew nothing of. I cannot blame my Father for so advantageously selling out; and was my hereditary Claim laid aside, he acted prudently, and consequently honestly. But let that go: He made me some amends by giving *Higmore* no assisting Advice how to conduct his Theatre, which, if he had, must have greatly injured us; for no one knows that Province but myself and him. The new Purchaser therefore being left to himself, and his Prime Minister Mr. *E-l-l-s*, Singers, Dancers, Tumblers, and others exotic Performers were hir'd at extraordinary Rates. This was but of very little Service, and the Posture of his

his Affairs grew daily into a worse and worse Situation.

I cannot but here observe to the Reader how different our Conduct was at the *Hay-market*: I must ingenuously confess, though we kept our simple Heads above Water, we had got out of our Depth; for after our first Run of Novelty and Interest was over, our Audiences grew thin, which Deficiency we supplied by Orders of our own; for in the Theatres, as in Shops, the Appearance of Business brings Customers. Nevertheless, we found large Deficiencies in the Office; and by the Accounts in our Books we had contracted a very considerable Debt; yet we conceal'd the State of our Case as much as possible, resolving to beat our Antagonists out of the Field, and by such a Conquest set every Thing right. If the Patentees at *Drury-Lane* had either known our Condition, or had Prudence and Courage enough to bear with their own for another Season, I know not what the Consequences might have been: I may say it now, I believe we should have been forc'd to a Cessation of Arms, and capitulated on the best Terms we could have got.

Mr. *Rich* had either gain'd better Intelligence of the State of our Affairs, or from the State of those at *Drury-Lane*, had found the Patentees were heartily tir'd of their expensive instead of lucrative Offices: From one of these Reasons, or both, he had formed a Scheme, which, had it been carried into Execution, must have proved very gainful to the Patentees, and very agreeable to the Town, as it would have given them the best Plays, play'd by the best Performers in *England*: But as well concerted as it was for these Intentions, it was destructive of the natural and legal Liberty of the Actors

Actors : They would have become mere Servants to two co-join'd Patentees ; nor could have had, on any Disgust or Affront, any Power to revolt. The Scheme was for to have *Drury-Lane* Patent purchased of the Patentees who were tired of it, at a cheap Rate, and then the Patentees of *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane* to enter into a joint Partnership, and engage the best Actors, who should act occasionally at both Houses, performing always a Comedy at one House and a Tragedy at the other. There were several other Conditions which would have prov'd beneficial to the Masters, which are needless to enumerate.

This Plan, though it has been long thought a new Finesse in theatric Policy, yet *Gibber's Apology* shews it is an old Stage-Cunning, practis'd, in some Measure, by Mr. *R---b's* Father, and Mr. *Owen Swinney*. This Design, however, could not be carried into Execution by Mr. *R---b* alone : There was wanting the *Primum Mobile*, the *Sine qua non* ; the Purchase Money : On this Occasion he apply'd to Mr. *Fl---t---d*, who was his Friend, and propos'd *his* purchasing the Patent, and to enter into a Sort of Partnership : This Proposal was set in so advantageous a Light, and such fair Hopes offer'd themselves, that Mr. *Fl---t---d* came into this Scheme, and purchased the Patent of Mr. *Highmore* and the other *Patentees*. On this Turn in Affairs, We at the *Hay-market* were under a most terrible Consternation ; we look'd on ourselves as Persons who were never to enjoy that Liberty we had so strenuously endeavour'd to obtain : For this Conjunction of the Patentee Masters must have compell'd us to have returned under their Management, our Affairs being in a very sad Posture, and daily growing worse : But, very happily

happily for us, a Breach happen'd between Mr. *R—b* and *Fl—t—d* at a Time we could have least suspected it, and that gave us all we wanted, an Opportunity to make the best Terms with the latter, get rid of our Stock-Debt, and return to *Drury-Lane*: I shall not enter into the Reasons for this Breach of Friendship between the two Masters, as that Affair has been so differently represented; but Mr. *R—b* has been chiefly censured as having drawn a Gentleman into an Affair, which he would not otherwise have thought to have embark'd in, and then leaving him to conduct his new Undertaking as he might: But let their Quarrel be what it would, it was advantageous to us; for Mr. *Fl—t—d* being work'd into the highest Resentment, was resolv'd to make up the best Company, and to hurt *R—b* by getting from him his chief Actors, and most necessary People: Mr. *Quin* was soon gained, but on such Terms as no hired Actor had before received. At the same Time Mr. *Fl—t—d* had entered into a Treaty with us at the *Hay-market*, and agreed to allow all the managing Actors *two hundred Pounds* a Year each, and to some a clear Benefit, and to others a Benefit at a lower Rate than usual. As in all the Transactions of that Affair I was *Treaty-Master General*, and negotiated that important Peace with the Patentee, it may be expected I should enter into a long detail on that Subject. My Conduct in this Respect may be somewhat singular, but I can give some Reasons as an Apology for it: As this will be entering on a new Scene, I will halt a little as well to give my Reader a little Relief as myself; for I don't know how it is, but I begin to perceive myself somewhat dull, and perhaps some People may have per-

M

ceiv'd

ceiv'd it a great while ago. If then, *Sir Reader*, your Patience and good Nature are worn out, fling down the Book, that you may, when you think proper, begin the next Chapter with a better Temper, and a Spirit more alert and lively,—and all that.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Nature of writing Apologies: The Author's Proof against Scandal. — His Negotiations and those of H——o W——e compared. — His Conduct and the Duke of A——le's parallel'd. — Obligations received are no Reason for Gratitude. — The Company fixed at Drury-Lane: Some Remarks on it, and a Digression.

WELL, *courteous Reader*, you venture then to travel on, maugre all the Things I can say to my own Dispraise: If I, like my Father, tell you, about every sixth Page, I am a Blockhead or a Coxcomb, yet you still away with my Nonsense; and as my Vanity is not quite jaded, you read on in Hopes to meet with some fresh Instances of it. But perhaps those who may peruse this *Apology* for my *Life* may expect that I would enter into some very illustrious and renowned Acts of my private Conduct, which have been very publickly talked of: To such Personages I shall answer, they are not to imagine a Man would sit down in cool Blood and write the Devil of a Satire against *himself*: That would be dainty apologizing indeed: No; the Thing is to say nothing harsh against your own dear Self, but as many
severe

severe Things and Reflections as possible against either People. Mr. *Colley Cibber*, whose apologetical Talents are admirable, has shewn this Species of writing in *Perfection*: A great many People, on the Publication of his Apology, cry'd, *An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber!* Well, now we shall see what he can say in Regard to this, and that, and t'other — Things which related to Gaming or Gallantry, or a thousand Things not so very proper to be mentioned: But they were all out; not a Syllable of his private Character; not a Word for excusing, palliating, or defending little foolish Acts which merely related to Religion or Morality. I can guess what may be expected from me; what Defence of particular Conduct I may make; but I shall relate only such Things as may show my Parts, my theatrical Character, and, in short, what I think proper, not what every impertinent Person may want to know: Nor is this so unfair a Proceeding as some may imagine: No Man can be obliged to accuse himself: I write to put a Gloss upon my Acts and Deeds, not place them in the most odious Light, and erect myself in an historical Pillory. It would also be an endless Work to vindicate all the simple Accusations which have been brought against me, and which no Persons have any Business to trouble their Heads about. Should Men say, for Instance, I used my first dear and well-beloved Wife, of ever blessed Memory, *J—n—y C—*, with ill Usage: Should they affirm, that when her all pale and breathless Corps was laid in the Coffin, and I, with Sobs and Tears and interjected Sighs, had moaned to many a Witness, my too unhappy Fate, yet that same Night had a Brace of *Drurian* Doxies vile in the same House.—Again, should base Defamation

whisper in my Ear I sold and barter'd away my present most virtuous Spouse, and that I was a voluntary Cuckold on Record : Should Scandal with her hundred-tongu'd curs'd Mouth, rumour it up and down, that neither *common Honour* nor *common Honesty* were lodg'd within the Centre of my Soul. — Should even all this be said, calm and unruffled would I condemn it all, and look on such Reports in the cool Light of mild Philosophy. There are indeed a Set of People who will be Busy-Bodies : To such I would answer very pithily, sometimes, *What is that to ME*, sometimes, *What is that to YOU*. To illustrate what a Propriety there is in curbing such Kind of Impertinence by a *Laconic* Sentence, I will tell you a short Story.

A great Lawyer, who now makes one of the most illustrious Figures in *Westminster-Hall*, was as remarkable for his Amours as his Pleadings : What was his Gallantry to any Body ? Yet was he often censured and made the Object of Wit for this Foible. It happen'd his *Lady*, his *Chambermaid*, and *Cousin* all lay-in at the same Time : A Friend of his took an Occasion to speak to him on this Subject by Way of Raillery, in this Manner : They say, my L—d, your *Lady* is brought to Bed. — *She is so*. — They say your *Cousin* and *Chambermaid* are also brought to Bed. — *What's that to ME* — But they say you are the Father. — *What's that to YOU*. — Upon which, turning on his Heel, my L—d left Mr. *Impertinent* with a proper Indignation. — *What's that to You*, is the sole Answer I shall give to any defamatory Scurrility, and if any Person is not satisfied with such a Reply, he may get a more satisfactory one if he knows how. — After this Observation it may be proper to resume my theatrical Story, which I left off at the

the Treaty with Mr. *Fl--t--d*, to return to *Drury-Lane* House, and act under his Patent.

As I had been the chief Person in raising our theatrical *Revolt*, and being of a daring pushing Temper, I was resolved to have the principal Share in the *Restoration* of the Company to *Drury-Lane*: I accordingly got myself nominated as *Plenipo*, and began my Negotiations with Mr. *Fl-t-d*: How happy I was in my Negotiations the Event proved; and as I had to deal with a Person of Honour and Generosity, I manag'd the Conduct of the whole Affair in such a Manner as to make it turn out to *myself*. In short, I got a good round Sum of Money out of him; for why should I *negociate* and *negociate* and get nothing myself. Some People may smile to see me, on this Occasion, compare myself to another great *Negotiator*, and wonder how I and *H-----ce W-----e* can have any Analogy. But pray do you think that he for so many Years has run from *Court* to *Court*; now at the *Hague*, now at *Paris*; negotiating here and negotiating there, and all for a Joke only? Would any Man do this without the pleasing Recordation of *Place* and *Pension*? In Truth my Friend *H-----*, as well as myself, was a little mov'd by Self Interest: Besides, our Negotiations have been some what alike; for mine, in fact, was a patch'd up Affair, and I did not so much consult the Interest of my Master, as to serve a Turn for that Time: I botched up a Peace, but I knew it would not last many Years: If there is any Pre-eminence in our Talents, I hope I shall not seem immodest, when I frankly own I think the Balance turns in my Favour; for I am now more for War than Peace.

“ * Thus

“ * Thus we see, as Mr. *C. Cibber* truly observes,
 “ let the Degrees and Ranks of Men be ever so
 “ unequal, Nature throws out their Passions from
 “ the same Motives ; 'tis not the Eminence or
 “ Lowliness of either that makes up the Difference.
 “ If this familiar Stile of talking should, in the
 “ Nostrils of Gravity and Wisdom, smell a little
 “ too much of the Presumptuous or the Pragmati-
 “ cal, I will at least descend lower in my Apo-
 “ logy for it, by calling to my Assistance the old
 “ humble Proverb, viz. *'Tis an ill Bird that,* &c.
 “ Why then should I debase my Profession by
 “ setting it in vulgar Lights, when I may show
 “ it to more favourable Advantages ? Or why, in-
 “ deed, may I not suppose that a sensible Reader
 “ will rather laugh than look grave at the Pomp
 “ of my Parallels.”

When I had concluded this Treaty with Mr.
Fl—t—d, so advantageous for the Company, and
 more particularly in a private Manner to myself,
 we removed Bag and Baggage from the *Hay-Mar-*
ket and return'd to our old Camp at *Drury-Lane* :
 Our Government was then thought to be fixed
 in a peaceable Manner ; every Thing went on
 with great Success, and I took Care to be so much
 in the Master's Favour, that in the Direction of
 the Theatre I was a kind of Prime Minister : I
 say a kind of Prime Minister, for even then there
 was another Person shared amply in his Confidence,
 and by whom he was chiefly advised. When I
 found out this, I was not a little nettled ; a Jeal-
 ously raised various Sentiments in my Breast ; for,
 like *Pompey* the Great, my Soul disdain'd the
 Thought

Thought of an Equal. Glory and Power are the darling Passions of my Heart ; and not to enjoy either of them was, to so jealous an Ambition, a meer Shade to my Laurels. My Competitor was the Person who had been concern'd for Mrs. *Wilks*, and who thought himself to have an admirable Talent for theatric Affairs. This Talent was to compose *Pantomimes*, furbish up old Tricks, and make what he call'd Entertainments : As a Specimen of what Notion he had of the Dignity of the Stage, I must observe, that his Genius turn'd to the monstrous and the marvellous ; for which Reason nothing could be brought to Town to be exhibited to the Vulgar, but he was for having it exhibited on the Stage : There was a Fellow of an enormous Height came from *Germany* to be shewn for a Sight, call'd *Mynbeer Cajanus* : Such a Spectacle, proper enough for a *Smithfield* or *Moorfields* Booth, was thought a proper Personage to grace the Theatre Royal. Accordingly Negotiations were begun ; but to my Honour be it spoke, I had no Concern in them : I was kept out of the Secret, nor was I much affected that I was so. I and his Grace the Duke of *A——le*, in this Respect, may be said to have the same Notion of Things : His late Speech on the State of the Nation shows that he was out of the Secret, in Regard to the Conduct of Affairs, and, as he thinks them wrong, was proud that none of them could be laid to his Charge : though I and that illustrious Person differ in other Sentiments in Regard to the present Ministry, yet I am proud that in this Point he agrees with me.—But to the History : *Mynbeer* soon agreed to some very advantageous Terms proposed to him ; was with all Secrecy convey'd into *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and was soon shown

shown arising from a Trap-Door, to the no small admiration of the Spectators, and the no small Joy of my Co-Rival. Nothing could give me and my Brethren, both of the Buskin and the Sock, who had any Regard for that School of Honour and Virtue, the Stage, more secret Indignation than to see it prostituted in so ignominious a Manner: And what still added to our Resentment was the consummate Folly of the Town, who crouded to the House a great Number of Nights to see the *Tall Man*. But I had yet other Reasons to be no Friend to this *Tall Man*. It regretted my Soul, frequently and oft, when on Buskins a Foot and a half high I was to personate a great Heroe, and had my wavy Plume high o'er my Brow, Nod ever and anon with tragic Grace; yet was I thought diminutively great, and rais'd the Audience to a mock Laugh, while he ——— that *Orion*, that *Polephemus* of a Man, with an Inanity of Voice and Gesture, excited Wonder and Applause.

———— *Pudet hæc opprobria Nobis*

Et dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli.

After this *tall Man* was gone, we had a *tall Woman*, and after that *Sadler's Wells Tumbling*. It is true, this pleas'd the Mob, and brought Money, nor was this Custom new. Did not the late Mr. *R-h* act in the same Manner by this Humour: “*In
 “ this Notion, says Mr. *Cibber*, he kept no Me-
 “ dium, for in my Memory he carried it so far,
 “ that he was some Years before this Time,
 “ actually dealing for an extraordinary large Ele-
 “ phant at a certain Sum, for every Day he might
 “ think fit to show the tractable Creature's Genius
 “ of that vast quiet Creature, in any Play or Farce
 “ in

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 195.

“ in the Theatre (then standing) in *Dorset Gar-*
 “ *den* : But from the Jealousy so formidable a
 “ Rival had raised in the Dancers, and by his
 “ Bricklayer’s assuring him, that if the Walls
 “ were open’d wide enough for his Enterance, it
 “ might endanger the Fall of the House, he gave
 “ up his Project : But at the same Time of being
 “ under this Disappointment, he put in Practice
 “ another Project of as new, though not of so
 “ bold a Nature, which was introducing a Set of
 “ Rope Dancers into the same Theatre; for the
 “ first Day of whose Performance he had given
 “ out some Play in which I had a material Part :
 “ But I was hardy enough to go into the Pit and
 “ acquaint the Spectators near me, that I hop’d
 “ they would not think it a Disrespect to them if
 “ I declin’d acting upon any Stage that was brought
 “ to so low a Disgrace as ours was like to be by
 “ that Day’s Entertainment. My Excuse was so
 “ well taken that I never after found any ill Con-
 “ sequences, or heard the least Disapprobation of
 “ it : And the whole Body of Actors protesting
 “ against such an Abuse of their Profession, our
 “ cautious Master was too much intimidated to
 “ repeat it.”

Now I was not hardy enough to make any
 publick Remonstrances on this Occasion ; for I had
 a Point to carry, which was to fix my Wife’s
 Character as an Actress, whose first Performance
 was to be closed with these *Sadler’s Wells Tum-*
blers : On this Account it was my Business to be
 as well with the *Master* as possible ; and though I
 from my Soul abhor’d such Measures, yet no one
 was more bustling and commendatory in the De-
 sign than myself : By this I not only showed an
 Attachment to his Interest, but kept myself on
 good

good Terms with the other Minister : But had I thought it would have been any *Gain* to me, have to *distress'd* the Master by making any Remonstrances, my Father's *Hardiness* should not have come up to mine ; for I would not have gone sneaking into the Pit in huggermugger : Not I truly ; But bounce upon the Stage, with blustering Mood, have stalk'd and made a Speech, which with pathetick Air in Words and Action, had represented our Disasters dire ; and though they had hiss'd again and yet again, I'd have stood 'em all till they had heard me out. — On this ingenuous Confession of how I did act or how I would have acted, some may say, *Are these Principles honourable ? Is not this servile Flattery, and that scandalous Injustice ? — Are not Favours received strong Obligations for Gratitude ?* — Well, Sir, *Casuis*t, what of all this ? *Honour* and *Gratitude*, and *this* and *that* and *t'other* are quite different Things, according to the receiv'd Notions of different Places ; for what is *dishonourable* and *immoral* in *England*, may be thought quite otherwise among the *Hottentots* : A Man in *London* may be thought odd if he offers his *Wife* for his *Friend's Service*, yet it is well known several Nations of *Negroes* practise it even to Strangers. If *Morality* is *local*, as I have fully prov'd, I have prov'd also there may be much *Difference* between *theatrical Honour* and *common Honour* : Now my Notion of *theatrical Honour* is to act only for your own *Convenience*, and you can do no *Injustice* if you serve *yourself*. If I should now be pertly ask'd, — What *THE'*, where are thy *Morals* ? Hast thou no *Conscience* ? Yes, I have, but what then ? That I have embrac'd the *Philosophy* of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, I told the Reader in a prior Chapter ; and what does that great and good Man

Man say in his three hundredth Page, — “ I did
 “ it a gainst my *Conscience* ; and had not Virtue to
 “ starve by opposing a Multitude that would have
 “ been too hard for me. — Had *Harry the fourth*
 “ of France a better Excuse for changing his Re-
 “ ligion ? I was still in my Heart on the Side of
 “ *Truth* and *Sense*, but I had their Leave to quit
 “ them when they could not support me ; for
 “ what Equivalent could I have found for my fall-
 “ ing a Martyr to them.” — O most admirable
 Doctrine ! The Plea of *Convenience* is a full An-
 swer for a Breach of *Conscience*. — Is not this a
 Doctrine that *Machiavel* himself might have
 boasted ? Having here observed on what Maxims
 I and my Father act, some of our late Conduct,
 which shall be consider’d in a subsequent Chapter,
 may now be easily accounted for. Though our
 Notions may be exploded by some, Mr. *Colley*
Cibber has, among Mankind more Disciples than
 Mr. *George Whitfield* ; and this I am sure of, their
 Zeal is stronger, as there are many who die *Mar-*
tyrs to his Doctrine every *Sessions* at the *Old-Bailey*,
 having lived in a full Faith, that to do what they
 think *convenient*, is to do *right*.

There is a private Anecdote of my Life, which
 is a Proof how early I imbib’d this convenient
 Opinion ; I have indeed often related it to
 my theatrical Acquaintance with much Glee of
 Heart, and boastful Satisfaction ; but as I would
 be by this Apology, *Toto notus in orbe Theophilus*,
 I cannot resist the Temptation of inserting it in
 these my Memoirs. You must know, Reader,
 that even by the Time I had reach’d my eighth
 Year, my Papa said I was a sad *young Dog*, and
 upon some Prank I had play’d, I was in some
 Disgrace ; It happened I went into his Chamber,

to endeavour a Reconciliation one Morning; and as he had gone to Bed in his Cups over Night, he had, I suppos'd, drop'd a couple of Guineas out of his Breeches; be that how it will, I saw the two pretty sparkling Rogues lie at the Edge of the Carpet, by his Bed-side: What does I, but slap runs to the happy Spot, fell on my Knees, and, like a good and dutiful Child, cried out, in a devout Tone, *Pray, Father, bless me, and pray to G—d to bless me, and make me his true and faithful Servant for ever and ever, Amen.*—He, surpris'd at such a sudden Strain of filial Duty, (for I don't believe I ever ask'd him Blessing twice before in my whole Life) stroak'd me down the Head, and bid me rise, by which Time I had, by Slight of Hand, touch'd the Spankers, and convey'd them snug into my Pocket:—and he will never have heard of them since, till he reads this *Apology* for such an Action; that, as I thought they would be a *Convenience* to me, my *Conscience* was not too dainty to take them.
 —*E minimus majora.*—

All this Harangue on my Philosophy is necessary, though it may seem odd to many Readers, because it is an *apologetical* Defence for every Action of my Life at once: I may indeed illustrate it by more Instances in the Sequel of my Story, but shall now return where this Digression began.

—The Company went on under Mr. F—d with very great Success, equal to the greatest under *Gibber, Wilks* and *Booth*: As for me, I was occasionally more or less in his Favour and Interest as it suited my own Convenience; for he shew'd me many Instances of his Readiness to serve me, and was on all Occasions prompt and ready to do Acts of *Friendship* and *good Nature*. The Stage was then as well rul'd by my Assistance, as a Gentleman

man not brought up to it, cou'd rule it; yet as it was my Opinion, and several other Players, that no Gentleman is proper for the *Master* of a Theatre, we were not absolutely contented, and we did not want for *Grumbletonians* in a theatric Government. We knew indeed that our *Master* had redeem'd us from a thousand Inconveniencies we had labour'd under, gave us our own Terms, but yet we did not look upon him with an equal Eye, and thought that Actors were the only proper and fit Persons to rule over Actors, and receive all the Profits of a Theatre. These, I say, were Maxims that the chiefeſt Actors embrac'd, and inculcated into others, as the fundamental Rights of our Constitution: On this the Company became uneasy, and form'd themselves into little Factions, and Cabals, but which could not then have been attended with any ill Conſequences to the Patente. But these little Murmurings were greatly heighten'd by the following Event. On the late Act for licensing the Number of Stages taking Place, Mr *Giffard's* Company acting then at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, to whom Mr. *Rich* had let it, were oblig'd to break up, and provide for themselves in the acting Companies as well as they could: Mr. *F—d* on this Occasion took several into *Druury-Lane*, and to make Way for them, dismiss'd several, who had long been appertaining to that Theatre. Mrs. *Giffard* and Mr. *Giffard* were themselves likewise afterwards engag'd. This gave new Uneasiness to the old Stock, for we look'd on them in a contemptible Light; and when the Season came on, and Parts were cast to these exotic Actors, still more and more murmuring Taunts and Jealousies arose. The Master favour'd several of these additional Recruits in a particular Man-

ner, and seem'd to make them his Confidants and Favourites. This still made more Faction in our State, till at last it was divided into two Parties, the *Riff-Raffs*, and the *Scabs*. The first were the Master's Party, the latter *mine*; his were as the present Courtiers, and mine as the *Patriots*. The Titles may seem coarse to the Ears of Delicacy, but why not as good and significant as the present Names of Distinction in *Sweden*, the *Hats* and the *Night-Caps*, or indeed as our own *Whig* and *Tory*. Another notable Mark of Distinction was, the Master's Party instituted a famous *Club* of *Riff-Raffs*, call'd the *Ox-Cheek-Club*; and this was erected on the Ruins of a Club, which the old *Druery-Lane* Company had formerly erected. These Party-Divisions are in a theatrical Government as prejudicial to the publick Good, as in a political one. The Business of the Stage was not follow'd with that Spirit and Alacrity as when Unanimity reigns in the Hearts of the People. I did, I frankly confess, what a theatrical Patriot should do, foment all the Discord, raise all the Jealousies, in order, at a proper Time and Season, to raise a Rebellion, and bring about a new Revolution; and these Sentiments of *Patriotism* have been since very serviceable to me in another Respect, for in my *political-Essays*, which I had the Honour to write in Defence of the *present Administration*, I have charg'd all these Maxims home upon the Gentlemen in the Country-Party, for my Father has prov'd the Rules for the *Stage* and *State* are the same in Parallel, so also must be those of *Patriotism*. About this Time also I found the Wings of my Power clip'd in Relation to presiding over Rehearsals, and brought on one Morning a round Quarrel between *Q*-*u* and *M*e. for I had long look'd on him as a proud

proud imperious Blockhead, and he on me as a vain impertinent Coxcomb; and perhaps we might both be somewhat right in our Conjectures. In this Contest I valued nothing so much as his Contempt of *Me*; for on my smart cutting Repartees on him, he cry'd, with a *Laugh*, *Quarrelling with such a Fellow, is like sh--t--g on a T--d*, walking off as cool as a Cucumber.——And that was the Sire of the Rencounter we afterwards had at the *Bedford* Coffee-House. All these Affairs happening, and my Trial not turning out to my Favour, my Soul became chagrin'd both with the Place and my Master: I was therefore resolv'd to leave that Stage, and for such Reasons as you will meet with in the Sequel of my Story. Therefore as soon as my Benefit was over, I determin'd, according to an old Practice I had got, of being of no more Service to the Master that Season, to appear no more that Year, and indeed no more at all, while he was concern'd there.——Retiring therefore from *Covent-Garden* into the more agreeable and convenient Air of *Charing-Cross*, I flung off the *Comedian*, and commenc'd *Politician*; but as by entering on that Subject, I shall begin a new Farce, it would be more proper to let the Curtain of this Chapter drop here.

C H A P. IX.

The Author steps out of his Way : Turns M-n-st-r-l Writer. — The Reasons why. Some chimerical Thoughts of making the Stage useful.

“ **A** Quiet Time in History, says Mr. Colley
 “ *Gibber*, like a Calm in a Voyage, leaves
 “ us but in an indolent Station : To talk of our
 “ Affairs when they were no longer ruffled by
 “ Misfortunes, would be a Picture without a Shade,
 “ a flat Performance at best.” This is his *Apology*
 for the Relation of his *stepping out of the Way*, and
 turning Pleader at the Bar ; nor can I make any
 better for telling how I became a *M——al Writer*.
 The Affairs at *Drury-Lane* went on too successful
 for me to carry some Views I had into immediate
 Execution, therefore I thought it would be best
 to pave my Way to my Project, by engaging the
 Favours of the *Minister*, and becoming his Advocate
 in Print. In this I thought to kill two Birds
 with one Stone, as I could at the same Time take
 an Opportunity of revenging myself to the full on
 Mr. *Fl——d*, by *satirizing* him, not only as to
 his *theatrical Affairs*, but with Regard to his *private*
Oeconomy. Accordingly I went to work and
 wrote a Pamphlet call'd the *Country Correspondent*,
 in which I have shewn a Specimen of my moral,
 theatrical, political, and gallant Character. Some
 People immediately knew the Author, for *we* great
 Authors are soon found out, let us take what Care
 we will to conceal ourselves. If I, or Mr. *Pope*,
 or my *Father* were to write any Thing without
 setting our Names to it, we should be discover'd
 in six Lines reading ; the Style, the Manner, the
 Thoughts

Thoughts would all glare out Perfection, and the inimitable *Ja ne scai quoy* would distinguish the Author. On my publishing the *Country Correspondent*, and being known for its *Sire*, many were the Criticisms upon it: Some call'd me a *Coxcomb* for writing so much upon *myself*: Some called me a *base impudent Fellow* for publishing such Invectives against Mr. *Fl—t—d*, who had been my *Friend*: Others fell foul on me because I had openly, boldly, and strenuously espoused the Cause of the *Minister*. As for being called a *Coxcomb*, I had been so long us'd to it that it seem'd as natural to me as my own Name; nor did the Accusations against me for libelling Mr. *Fl--t--d* give me any Pain: They who had odd Notions of *Honour* and *Honesty* said that I was an ungrateful Rascal, and this and that and t'other; but they might as well have sung Psalms to a Cow, for my *Philosophy* could *away with it*. What I did was conveniently necessary, and if from being an obliged Friend I became a mortal Enemy, what more is it than what frequently happens among *Ministers of State* and *Rulers of Empires*. *Augustus* and *Antony* had their fierce Contest for the World; and what was the Cause of the Quarrel between Sir *R——t W——e* and Mr. *P——y*, but Ambition in the one, and a Disregard of his Claims in the other. In all theatrical as well as political Divisions, to succeed in your Design you must go through *thick and thin*; the Sword of *Defiance* is drawn, and the Scabbard must be thrown away: Every one who has read *Machiavel* knows these Tenets are justifiable: therefore whatever *Falshood*, *Scandal*, *Infamy*, and *Ingratitude* my *Country Correspondent* might have contain'd against Mr. *Fl—t—d*, yet it being consistent with my *private Views*, no one who knows

Men and Things can blame me; for I shall explain myself by giving some Reasons which were then in Embrio, why I so acted. I had determined to be as well with the *M—st—y* as possible, and to merit something from them, I undertook first to be a Kind of an *Informer* of what they call'd theatrical Secrets. Our Master had publickly espous'd the Party in Opposition to the *M—st—r*, and was firmly attach'd to the Interest of the *P—of W—*: This Conduct I heard was resented by the *M—st—r*, with whom he had once been on very good Terms: I thought therefore any private Intelligence against the Master, if I could possibly make it a *political* Concern, would be an Introduction to his Favour, and assist my future Scheme. An Incident happen'd as favourable as I could wish: A certain *Irish Author* was writing a *Tragedy*, which was, by his Friends, who were reckon'd the tiptop Criticks in Town, said to be a Performance of such extraordinary Merit, that no Tragedy since *Shakespear's* Time could equal it, either for the *Sublimity* of the *Ideas*, the *Dignity* of the *Style*, the *Nobleness* of the *Subject*, and the *Conduet* of the *Scene*: That it was wrote in the Defence of *Freedom*, and had such Speeches that at that *Crisis* of Time it would run as long as *Cato* had at another particular *Crisis*. This dainty *Tragedy* was the much nois'd, much subscrib'd for *GUSTAVUS VASA*, written by *HENRY BROOKE*, Esq; The Master had great Expectations from it; and though it had been often read in private Company before it was brought to the House; yet I knew little of it till then, as I was look'd upon as a Malecontent to the Master, and consequently out of the Secrets of the Ministry. But as soon as it had been read in the Green-Room,

and

and the Parts deliver'd out to the Actors, and I was acquainted perfectly with the Play, I was determin'd I would take such Measures that it should not be acted ; which would shew to the Minister what Zeal I had for his Service, and at the same Time indulge that Spirit of Revenge which I had against the Master. Now what does I, but represented to Mr.——no Matter for his Name——but it was the proper Person to make such an *Information* to, that this same Tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa* was a scandalous Libel against the Government, and some Lines in the Praise of Liberty were so introduc'd as to make strong *Inuendoes* that the Liberty of *England* was in Danger : This I represented with such a Vehemence of Words and Action, that it gain'd Credit, and before it was ready to be perform'd, it was prohibited by my *Lord Chamberlain*. The Prohibition open'd the Mouths and Hearts of the Admirers of this Tragedy, and they talk'd roundly about the Injustice and Oppression the Author and the Master of the Play-house met with, which they attributed to the Fear the Ministry had of its being perform'd on the Stage. Now to give my own impartial Thoughts on this Affair, I avow that I believe there was no Harm in the Play, nor do I think it would have met with that great Success as was expected from it ; for on the Publication it was not judg'd near equal to the Character that had been given it. However I cannot but make this Observation, that from the Action on the Stage, and the Assistance of the Scenes and Actors, it might have received such additional Strength, that it might, by the further Aid of a Party, have had a Run of ten Nights. And here I must observe again, that it was with great Policy and Prudence, that the

the Minister obtain'd the *Licensing Act*, for though the *Liberty* of the *Press* allows a refus'd Play to be printed, yet the Reading of it in the Closet will not convey an adequate Idea to the Representation on a Theatre : Mr. Colley Gibber, who is a most strenuous *Champion* for the *Licensing Act*, has fully consider'd this Difference between a Performance printed only, and when it is acted.—Thus he argues *——“ It was said that this Restraint upon the Stage would not remedy the Evil complain'd of : That a Play refus'd to be licens'd would still be printed with double Advantage, when it should be insinuated that it was refus'd for some Strokes of Wit, and would be more likely then to have its Effect among the People : However natural this Consequence may seem, I doubt it will be very difficult to give a *printed* Satire, or Libel, half the Force or Credit of an *acted* one. The most artful or notorious Lye, or strain'd Allusion that ever slander'd a great Man, may be read by some People with a Smile of Contempt, or at worst it can but impose on one Person at once. But when the Words of the same plausible Stuff shall be repeated on a Theatre, the Wit of it among a Croud of Hearers is liable to be overvalued, and may unite and warm a whole Body of the Malicious and Ignorant into a Plaudit : Nay, the partial Claps of only twenty ill-minded Persons, among several hundred of silent Hearers, shall, and often have been mistaken for a general Approbation, and frequently draw into their Party the Indifferent or the Inapprehensive, who rather than not be thought to understand the Con-

* C. Gibbers's Apology, p. 169.

" ceit, will laugh with the Laughers, and join in
 " the Triumph ! But alas ! the quiet Reader of
 " the same ingenious Matter, can only like for
 " *himself*, and the Poison has a much slower O-
 " peration upon the Body of a People, when it is so
 " retail'd out, than when told to a full Audience
 " by Wholesale: The single Reader too may hap-
 " pen to be a sensible, unprejudic'd Person, and
 " then the merry Dose, meeting with the Anti-
 " dote of a sound Judgment, perhaps may have
 " no Operation at all: With such a one the Wit
 " of the most ingenious Satire will only, by its
 " intrinsic Truth or Value, gain upon his Ap-
 " probation, or, if it be worth an Answer, a
 " printed Falshood may positively be confounded
 " by printed Proofs against it. But against Con-
 " tempt and Scandal heighten'd by the Skill of an
 " Actor, ludicrously infusing it into a Multitude,
 " there is no immediate Defence to be made, or
 " equal Reparation to be had, for it would be
 " but a poor Satisfaction at last, after lying long
 " patient under the Injury that Time only is to
 " shew which would probably be the Case, that
 " the Author of it was a desperate Indigent, that
 " did it for Bread: How much less dangerous and
 " offensive then, is the *written* than the acted
 " Scandal ? The Impression the Comedian gives it
 " is a Kind of double Stamp in the Poet's Paper,
 " that raises it ten Times to the intrinsic Value.
 " Upon the whole ; if the Stage ought ever to
 " have been reform'd ; if to place a Power some-
 " where of restraining its Immoralities was not
 " inconsistent with the Liberties of a civiliz'd
 " People; (neither of which any moral Man of
 " Sense can dispute) might it not have shewn a
 " Spirit too poorly prejudic'd to have rejected so
 " rational

“ rational a Law, only because the Honour
 “ and Office of a Minister might happen, in some
 “ small Measure, to be protected by it.”

I must annotate, that all that is said here in Reference to comic Satire, and the Comedian, is, *vice versa*, equally applicable to the Tragedy and Tragedian: For when a mad brain'd tragic Author has stream'd into a Patriotic Style, pompously rolling into vilifying Periods, signifying roundly nothing, but Invectives against a Minister, the pompous Buskins and Plumes of Tragedy, together with the Aspect and Elocution of the Tragedian, so speak and play with the Imagination, that they deceive the Judgment, and win over many Spectators who might have thought them scandalous Bombast, had they been read soberly in the Closet. This, as I observ'd, was the Fate of *Gustavus Vasa*, Esq; for after the Prohibition, the Author publish'd Advertisements for a Subscription, and in those Advertisements made his Cause the Cause of the Publick, insinuating it was refus'd for some Strokes of Liberty, which were disagreeable to People in Power: This indeed answer'd his Ends in point of Profit, for being the first Play refus'd since the Commencement of the Act, People's Curiosity were rais'd not only by wanting to see the prohibited Play, out of political Reasons, but because it was said by common Rumour to be a most excellent Tragedy: The Profit of the Subscription was equal to what his most sanguine Hopes might have promis'd him from the Stage. As this may be the most proper Place for it, I must insert another Remark on refus'd Plays. After this Success of the Subscription of *Gustavus Vasa*, all the tragic Bards who were under the Influence of Mr. *L-t-t-n*, Prime Minister at *N-rf-k* House, threw into bombast

bombast Scenes all the Patriot-Liberty Flights
 their own little Geniuses could suggest, or their
 Patron and Court of Assistants could muster up:
 Some indeed say they did not, on this Occasion,
 insert any Thing new, but that they had all from
 the first, wrote according to their Instructions,
 and had fill'd their Scenes with the worn-out, un-
 fashionable Notions of Liberty and publick Spirit:
 The next refus'd Plays were the *Edward and Ele-
 onora*, of Mr. *Thompson* at *Covent-Garden*, and a
 Tragedy wrote by Mr. *Pattison* at *Drury-Lane*,
 both of which were publish'd by Subscription, and
 advertis'd that they fell the Martyrs to Freedom,
 publick Spirit, and the Devil and all: But, as the
 homely Proverb says, Enough is as good as a Feast:
 The Publick had been cram'd by Esq; *Gustavus*
 to Satiety; and Satiety, from a natural Effect it
 has on the Generality of Stomachs of Mankind,
 will not allow an Avidity for more; for, as Mr.
Colley Cibber philosophically and beautifully ob-
 serves *, *What Pleasure is not languid to Satiety* †
 — *Satiety puts an End to all Taste that the Mind*
of Man can delight in: Therefore their Subscrip-
 tions fell short of Mr. *Brooke's* considerably; and
 I believe the Patriot-Poets begin now to feel the
 ill Consequences of an Opposition to a certain
 great Man as much as the Merchants: The Mer-
 chants would have a War, and they have had
 their Hearts full of it: The Poets would write up
 to a Refusal, and I believe they begin heartily to
 repent it: *We* of the Court have, I gad, given them
 their Bellies full: I and Sir R——t play all the
 Game, and let us shuffle the Cards theatrically, or
 patriotically, we still turn up Knave. ——— But
 halt

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 79.

† Ditto 171.

halt a little, most gracious Reader, in the Fulness of my Heart I have digress'd so long, that I don't know where I digress'd from : But that is just my Father's Way, for as we write, so we do but write on; 'tis sufficient ; as for Method and Connexion, we leave them to your little Geniuses ; our Irregularity in writing, like our Irregularity in living, is more beautiful from its Deformity : Were we not singularly eminent, we might die unnoted by Fame ; but it is our Extravaganzas in Life which mark us out to the Gaze and Wonder of the present Age ; and the *inexpressible Somewhat* in our Apologies will record us the most notable *Par nobile* of the Year 1740, excepting, with due Submission, that great *Par nobile Fratrum*, who in *A———str———n* and *Negotiation* have so eminently distinguish'd themselves to all *Europe*.

But seriously to recover the Clue of my History ; from having given Reasons why I abus'd Mr. *F——d* in my ministerial Essays, I digress'd to my turning *Informer* about *Gustavus Vasa*, and so deduc'd some historical Anecdotes concerning that dainty Piece, and added some political Remarks from *Cibber's* Apology, in Defence of the *licensing Act* ——— Let me see ——— Ay, it was so. — I will now draw the Back Scene of my Proceedings, and still enlarge the Prospect : It was in the Vacation of last Summer, when having retreated from *Covent-Garden*, I retir'd to *Charing-Cross*. My Enemies gave out, that I went there for some trifling Sums I had run in Debt for at Mrs. *St——w——d's*, and some other fashionable reputable Bawdy-Houses in *Covent-Garden Piazzas*. — Vile Insinuations ! How weak the Understanding of Man to account for the Conduct of great Men, when they are ignorant upon what Principles

ples they move. — What reflective Witticisms and Inuendoes have been flung at Sir — about this secret Expedition, which has been so long sitting out: What Things have been said about a Suspension, or Cessation of Arms, and I don't know what, when, at the same Time, the great Man acts upon other Measures than they guess, and intends to proceed on other Motives than they imagine. — I was us'd in the same Manner as to my *secret Expedition to Charing-Cross*: And as it is now over, and to put such fruitless Revilers to the Blush, I will tell them my Motives to it: *Inprimis*, as I was going to commence M——al Writer, it was proper I should live near the M——r, not only for more easily attending his Levees, but to be more readily sent for to attend a private Conference, and receive Instructions whom I was to lash, what I was to defend, what gainsay, when to give the evasive, and when the downright Lie: All which Things are necessary for a Writer to know, who has such a Patron to defend. —

As for the Frequency of my private Conferences, and the Nature of my Instruction I shall prudently be silent; Instructions given to Ambassadors, tho' mov'd for by Members of the House of C——s to be laid before them, are not to be revealed in such a Manner: But as to my frequenting a *Levee* in *Downing-street*, that is notoriously known; and I can say, with some Elevation of Heart, few in his Circle were more distinguish'd for their Sense, Learning, Virtue, Honour, Policy, Ability, and Eloquence, than your little humble Servant T. C.

—— But besides these Reasons, my Printer and Publisher lived at that Place, and it is best for an Author to confer with his Printer very often; as how the Sale goes on, and whether any Cash is

O

become

become due, without mentioning the Necessity of correcting the Sheets from the Press; for what a sad Figure an Author makes in Print who don't know how to make his Stops: I therefore always stop my Works myself; though as for the Spelling I leave that to the Printer's Boy. Sure then these are sufficient Reasons to take off the Obloquy that was cast on me, that vile *Catchpoles* drove me to a Place which I out of mere Policy retired to. — Well, there it was I composed my *Country Correspondents*, in all which I continued my Attack on Mr. *Fl—t—d*; and in a miscellaneous rhapsodical Way defended the P—M—r Tooth and Nail; In Taverns I eat for him, drank for him, talk'd for him, and when I went home about Four o'-Clock in the Morning, I wrote for him.

Aurora Musis Amica.

Then wou'd I write about it and about it.

I continued this zealous and satirical Fury for the whole Summer, nor did I write *Country Correspondents* only, but sometimes occasional *Gazetteers*, in both which Kinds of Writing I equally succeeded.

This strenuous Attachment of mine to the *Administration*, drew on me the Abuse of the *Country Party*; and I was libell'd under the Character of *Pistol* in a scandalous Paper call'd *Common Sense*. The Author of that Journal is a profligate forging Fellow; for he inserted Letters from *Pistol*, with an Insinuation (as I go by the Name of *Pistol*) that they came from me, which was as notorious a *Fib* as his Predecessor *Mist* told of *Colley Cibber*; and I take this Opportunity to avow to the whole World that I never had any thing to do with *Common Sense*, nor ever will: From my Soul I heartily despise it; and from this Moment, till *Atropos* with
fatal

fatal Shears shall snip the spinning Thread of vital Life, *Common Sense* and I are Enemies, and so, Mr. *Common Sense*, your humble Servant. — But it seems my great Apologist himself was droll'd upon for his State-writings: I mean the Comedy of the *Non-Juror*, and *Mynheer Keyber* was a standing Joke till at last *Mist* fairly kill'd him. — Take the Story in his own Words. “ Soon after the
 “ *Non-Juror* had receiv'd the Favour of the Town,
 “ I read, in one of *Mist's* Journals, the following
 “ short Paragraph : *Yesterday died Mr. Colley*
 “ *Cibber, late Comedian of the Theatre Royal, noto-*
 “ *rious for writing the Non-Juror.* The Com-
 “ pliment in the latter Part I confess I did not
 “ dislike, because it came from so impartial a
 “ Judge ; and it really so happen'd that the former
 “ Part was very near true ; for I had just that
 “ very Day crawl'd out, after having been some
 “ Weeks laid up with a Fever : However I saw
 “ no Use in being thought to be thoroughly dead
 “ before my Time, and therefore had a Mind to
 “ see whether the Town cared to have me alive
 “ again. So the Play of the *Orphan* being to be
 “ acted that Day, I quickly stole myself into the
 “ Part of the *Chaplain*, which I had not been seen
 “ in for many Years before. The Surprize of
 “ the Audience at my unexpected Appearance on
 “ the very Day I had been dead in the News, and
 “ the Paleness of my Looks seem'd to make it a
 “ Doubt whether I was not the Ghost of my real
 “ Self departed : But when I spoke their Wonder
 “ eas'd itself by Applause, which convinc'd me
 “ they were then satisfy'd that my Friend *Mist*
 “ had told a *Fib* of me. Now if simply to have
 “ shewn myself in broad Life, and about my Busi-
 “ ness, after he had notoriously reported me dead,

“ can be called a Reply, it was the only one which
 “ his Paper, while alive, ever drew from me : But
 “ my particular Offence, of writing the *Non-*
 “ *Furor*, has made me more honourable Friends
 “ than Enemies ; the latter of which I am not
 “ unwilling should know that that Part of the
 “ Bread I now eat was given me for having writ
 “ the *Non-Furor*.”

This shows that though we State Writers are
 jok'd upon, yet Reward makes up for these Squibs
 of Drollery. I may be ask'd why I was so vo-
 luntary a Champion for the M——r, and why I
 relate this Account of State Writing, and inter-
 sperse political Memoirs and Remarks in this A-
 pology, as they do not immediately relate to the
 History of the Stage. Some *John Trot* may sagely
 reply, that I write in this Manner merely to imi-
 tate the Manner of *Colley Cibber*.—— But, Mr.
Trot, you are mistaken: *Colley Cibber* interspers'd
Defences of Lord Chamberlain's Power, and *Licen-*
sing Act, for the same Reason that I wrote *Coun-*
try Correspondents and *Gazetteers*, to create Merit
 with the M——y, which we, at a proper Time,
 might make use of : The private Reason of writ-
 ing these, and abusing Mr. *Fl—t—d* all tended to
 the same Point : I have often promis'd to tell them
 to the Reader, and the Secret shall lie no longer a
 Burden to me, but out it shall.

Mr. *Colley Cibber* retired from the Stage, having
 patiently sold his Share of the Patent to Mr. *High-*
more, when he had managed him so that he had got
 his own Price, and then he wish'd the Crew he left
 in the Vessel a good Voyage ; yet, says he, “ though
 “ it began to grow late in Life with me, having
 “ Health and Strength enough to have been as
 “ useful on the Stage as ever, I was under no vi-
 “ fible

“ fible Neceffity of quitting of it.” As an undoubted Proof of that, he has feveral Seasons fince, on very valuable Confiderations from Mr. *F——d*, perform’d occasionally on the Stage. But though he had quitted the Theatre, and fold his Share in it, when he had ftaid with new Patentees, and made them think it worth their while to come up to his Price; yet the fweet Profits of the Management of a Theatre remain’d ftrongly in his Mind; and notwithstanding all his Professions of the Love of Retirement, he would gladly have been re-inftated in the Government of a Theatre, could he have obtain’d fuch an Office, and not to have coft him any Thing. Now as he knew that I was a ftrong Malecontent at *Drury-Lane*, and was fenfible what Torrents of Ambition roll’d tumultuoufly o’er my Soul, having deriv’d their Source from his own Spring, he was affured that I would come into any Scheme that would footh my Ambition, and put me at the Head of a Company over which I was to have any *profitable* Share of the Management; for *Ambition* will be but an inglorious Paffion if not founded upon *Interest*: It is the *Utile Dulci* fhould govern the Thoughts and Actions of the rational Part of Mankind. Acquainted with my Principles, and having feen what an *Achitophel* I was in theatric Policy; how adroit in raifing Commotions, ftriving up Revolts, heading Rebelions, and bringing about Revolutions, he thought proper to communicate to me a Design of gaining over to his Intereft fome principal Players of *Drury-Lane* Company, and then fetting up a new Company under a License, which he did not doubt, for his great Merit and Services, he could eafily obtain. — This Scheme jump’d with my own Way of Thinking, and I came into it

with Heart and Hand ; nor did he omit hinting to me that his only Motive to such a Design, *when it began to grow late in Life with him*, was purely to retrieve the Honour of the *British Theatre*, and leave me handsomely provided for. Now though I knew he did not care a Rush for me, nor would, out of pure Love, give me a Farthing to keep me from the Gallows, yet I had learn'd Art enough to disguise my real Opinion, and give his Proposal the Turn he would have it take. Having resolv'd on this Design, we did secretly all we could to bring it about ; for your important Schemes cannot be executed as soon as plan'd, and therefore we were oblig'd to wait a proper Opportunity, which was, while the Articles of some of the principal Actors under Mr. *Fl—t—d* were expired. In the mean Time, last Summer, to deserve something from the M——y when I should petition for any Favour, *more Paterno*, I took up my Pen, wrote *Country Correspondents* and *Gazetteers* in Defiance of *Common Sense* and all its Adherents.—— So, Mr. Reader, you now know for what Reason I commenc'd *Politician* :—— Well, methinks I hear some *John Trot* object and say, —— Is writing *Country Correspondents*, and *Gazetteers* of such Consequence? —— Yes, Sir, to write as I did, and lay about me like a *Drawcansir*, and all that, Sir, is look'd on as meritorious ; and Merit is to be rewarded.—— All that Summer was chiefly spent in *Politicks* and *Amours* ; for I, as well as Sir ——, or ——, must have my Relaxations and Divertisements after the Concerns of a Nation have been pothering in my Brain :—— I remember the old Maxim :

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia Curis.

which

which I thus render:

*Sometimes the Cares of Empire to remove,
Retreating to your Mifs, indulge your Love.*

A Maxim I always follow, when fatigued either with the Affairs of the *State*, or the *Stage*, and the Example of my Betters keep me in Countenance, when I make this publick Confession of it.——

To return:—— That my Politicks would not support me, I soon found out, though had a particular *Right Honourable Gentleman* taken me more particularly under his Patronage, it might have been worth *his* While, as well as *mine*; I might have been of great Service to him, for I could have made as good a *Bustle-Master-General* in *St. St--s's Chapel*, as behind the *Scenes*: Of this I gave him a Hint in one of my Pamphlets, and told him with what an Air the *young Captain* could loll in his *Chariot*, while it roll'd down to the House, and that he could make Speeches to a *Senate*, as well as to an Audience.—— But if People can't take a Hint, whose Fault is that? Perhaps he wanted more explicit Explanation, but my *consummate Modesty* not suffering me to make such an Attempt, it may have been my Disappointment.—— However I have this Consolation, I am not the first Man of *Merit* who have suffer'd by that simple Virtue —— As I was not taken such Notice of as my Vanity had suggested I deserv'd, I retreated from the Service.—— The Practice of all great Men on such Occasions.—— *Scipio, and others have done it.*—— As I was resolv'd not to act with Mr. *F—d* again, and he equally resolv'd not to let me, I engaged with Mr. *Rich*; and appear'd on *Covent-Garden Theatre*.—— I so manag'd Matters, that I soon became *Bustle-Master-General* there

there, and made the Under-Actors and Under-Servants of the Theatre know who they had got among them. As my Enemies will allow I am a clever Fellow in my Way, I must here mention the Success I met with in my theatrical Way; I had long sigh'd to perform the Character of *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*, but my own Fears, and my Father's inimitable Action, still so fresh in every Memory, clip'd the Wings of my Ambition: However I was resolv'd to make a Push at it, and propos'd to my new Master the getting up the *Rehearsal*. — Rehearsal, said he, — umph! And who can do *Bayes*? O! Sir, says I, you need not have ask'd that Question, when you have taken me into your Company. — Umph! says he, — and took a Pinch of Snuff, and remain'd silent. — I urg'd the Thing, and what Houses it would bring, if I had the Management of getting it up. — His Answer came from him by half Sentences, and Inuendoes, and Pinches of Snuff, as, — No, — 'Twont do. — [Snuff] *The Character.* — *The Character of Bayes supported it.* — 'Twas a Hazard. — 'Twou'd be an Expence. — Wou'd advise me not to think of it. — [Snuff] *My Father indeed to have play'd it might do something.* — *The Town wou'd make Comparisons.* — *Perhaps not for my Advantage.* — *The Expences, in short, wou'd be too considerable.* — (Here it was easy to understand him) I therefore propos'd to him to add such a ludicrous Spectacle, as, by his Advice and Assistance, might bring great Audiences, though a Thing of a trivial Nature. — Here I knew I should tickle him: In short, I propos'd to reinforce *Bayes's Troops*, and, with a new Set of *Hobby Horses*, raise two new Regiments, who should Exercise in martial Order upon the Stage,

Stage, and by their capering and prancing like menag'd War-Horses, divert the Multitude; and that the *Captandum vulgus* he knew was the *sine qua non* in the Theatre. — This did all I wanted; he came into my Scheme, and was so very full of the additional Troops, that he undertook to raise them himself, which he not only did, but attended at all their Exercises and Musters, and Reviews, was Riding-Master, Adjutant-General, and Generalissimo. — When it was perform'd I met with an Applause might satisfy the greatest Vanity; and my Hobby-Horse Regiments had as great Applause as myself: The remaining Part of the Season went on with great Success to the Master, by my Rehearsal, and my additional Troops had as many Spectators at Covent-Garden as his M——'s Household Troops at a Review in Hyde-Park: This continu'd till the Master brought his *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* on the Stage, after which there was no Occasion for Mr. Bayes; the *Twinkum Twankum* of Mr. *Orpheus*, and the *Metamorphoses* of *Monsieur Harlequin*, put my Troops to the Rout. However at the Close of the Season, I made a Rally, and brought myself and my Army for one Night more into the Field. — To explain; I prevail'd with Mr. Rich to let me have another Benefit the last Night but one of performing on the Theatre for this last Season: I say another, having had about four others within the Year.

The Frequency of my having Benefits demands some Consideration in this Apology, as some Persons have given themselves Airs to censure me for it, and besides it may bring out some theatrical Anecdotes and Rules necessary for future and less experienc'd Actors. As the having Benefits is suppos'd to raise a Sum of Money to reward an Actor,

Actor, and as it is raising it in an honest Way, what Crime is it if an Actor could get a Benefit-Play every Week? — O, but cries Mr. *Oeconomist*, who will buy but one Pit-Ticket in a Season? *This is an Imposition on the Publick, and severe Tax on your Tradesmen, your Acquaintance, and your Acquaintance's Acquaintance?* Ay, it might seem so indeed, if they were all, as for *myself*, but I have more Modesty to make unreasonable Requests. — In short, Sir *Wisacre*, there is an Art to conduct such Things with a Gloss, and an Art of which I am the original Inventor: I shall illustrate this by Matters of Fact, as I practis'd them. — When I engag'd in that notorious Trial of my Cuckoldom, I stood in Need of the Essence of Law, for Money is the Sinews of Law, as well as War; and to raise it, the easiest and only Way was by having a Benefit. I ask'd Mr. *F——d* this as a Favour, and a good natur'd Office, to enable me to obtain Justice for my Heartwrecking Injuries: Though this was at a very good Part of the Season, he, compassionating my Necessities, comply'd: Now comes the Thing; I thought at that Crisis, having a Benefit in my own Name might be not so proper, and without it, you'll say, how could you get a full House? — Why, I found out a Way to have a Benefit, and a full House, and Nobody know it: Not to keep you in Suspence, I got my Father to play for me, and Mr. *F——d* to let me have the House, so it was done at once. — You'll say this was very friendly of the Master, — but that is all over. — Two Months after I had a Benefit in my own Name; that was mine by right, and I need say no more on it. — But about three Months after I wanted another Benefit, which was in the Summer-Season. — Then I

was

was engag'd to Mr. *Rich*, and got Leave for the House, and some Brother-Actors, to play *gratis*. — But I did not tell the Publick it was my Benefit: No, I knew better; I touch'd them in a tender Point, and told them it was to support my dear Infant Children which I had left by my first Wife *Jenny* — And so put at the Top of the Bills, *For the Benefit of Miss Betty and Miss Molly, &c.*

—— Some indeed saw through this Artifice, but it pass'd current enough with the Majority. —

At *Christmas* I was to have had another, but the Weather prevented it: I have had *another* in my Course among the Actors, and *another* after them, because I did not get enough by the former. —

I must observe, that on these Occasions I always find some Topick to display my *Oratory* on, which I print at the Bottom of my Bills, either as Advertisements or Remonstrances, or Petitions, or something or other, and circulate them among the Gentry and Nobility, Tradesmen, Acquaintance and Strangers: Besides which, I generally speak an *Epilogue* of *Jo. Haynes's* riding on an *Ass*; and to shew how I can laugh at Persons calling me by Mock-Names, I advertis'd it, *to be spoke by the young Captain in his Regimentals, riding on an Ass.*

—— This may seem a trifling Story to the *un-theatrical Reader*; but I write this to instruct Posterity, who are engag'd in a Theatre, by what Means they may manage their Affairs; and I hope from these Hints some future Genius may find much Profit and Emolument.

The Season being clos'd, I again retir'd to *Charing-Cross*, but not to write Politicks, if the Reader has any Curiosity to know what important Affair I went thither for, that I might safely negotiate it, let him peruse the Beginning of the subsequent Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

The Situation of Affairs at Drury-Lane Theatre.

—— *The Scheme to get a new Licence explain'd.*

—— *The Reason for the Publication of Mr. C. Cibber's Apology given.* —— *The Scheme miscarries.* —— *A most heroick Rhapsody.* —— *A*

Dissertation on Property. —— *An Apology for writing another Chapter.*

I AM now entering on a Theme which will surprize the Publick, because it is such a Piece of secret History, as will be a *Key* to several elaborate *Digressions* in the *Apology* of Mr. Colley Cibber: I must previously observe, that in his historical Part of the Stage he was very well vers'd in the *Rebellions, Revolts and Revolutions* of his Time, till he had fix'd the Government of the Stage under a *Triumvirate*, of which he himself was one; and from the Time of his quitting his Share in the Patent, no one is better vers'd in *Rebellions, Revolts, Revolutions, Factions, Oppositions, &c. &c.* than myself; Two Persons of such Experience might bring about great Things in a *theatrical State*, more especially if the People were divided, and Heats and Animosities were fomented among them. I have acquainted the Reader of some great Design which was in Embrio, and which we only wanted an Opportunity to execute: This was for my Father, after having rais'd Uneasinesses and Jealousies among Mr. F——d's Company, to obtain a Licence for a new Company. —— Some private Affairs of Mr. F——d's gave us the Opportunity we so much desir'd. —— For as through the Confusion Things were in at *Drury-Lane Theatre*, and through

a violent Distemper, he could not appear himself; and a Report prevailing, which we industriously rumour'd as Truth, that he would never return to the Management of his Theatre again, we could not only the better solicit the *Actors*, but even the *Chamberlain*, and with less Opposition: To work we went, and indeed we at first met with such hopeful Success, that I was not a little elate, and form'd much imaginary Triumph in my Heart. However, Mr. *Fleetwood* took such Measures as to the *Actors*, that he thought, maugre all our Projects, he should be able to retain a good Company at *Drury-Lane*: To traverse this Design, and with a specious View of acting justly, Mr C—y C—r represented to the L—d Ch——n, that there was an absolute Necessity for having another Company form'd, as Mr. *Fleetwood* had very injuriously treated his chief *Actors*, and that there were very large Arrears due to them: To impose still the more on the Ch——n, there were some *Actors* waited on the L—d Ch——n, introduced by Mr. C. C. and made such Remonstrances as were thought proper: Thus we carried on the Sollicitation, which occasioned an Order to be sent to Mr. *Chetwood*, Prompter of the Theatre, that none of the Company should engage in any other Company, or elsewhere, without his Knowledge and Permission. This we look'd, in a Point, gain'd in our Favour, to prevent any *Actors* making fresh Agreements, which Mr. *Fleetwood* thought some Persons view'd it in another Light, and imagin'd it was to prevent any *Actors* going from him. When these Negotiations were thus carrying on, we had, we thought, another favourable Incident: Mr. *Fleetwood* was taken extremely ill of the C out, and he was in such

Danger that his Life was despair'd of: Nay, it was reported one Night that he was *dead*, and it was inserted as Truth in the *publick Papers* of next Day. I first heard it at the *Tavern*, and that was the Occasion of my *Bacchanalian Transports*

Quo me Bacche rapis, &c.

in a prior Chapter. But though this Report was false, yet so dangerous an Illness prevented his bustling about as he might otherwise have done; yet he managed so well, that our Representation of the Affairs of *Drury-Lane Theatre* lost considerably of their Weight, as great Part was, on Examination, found not to be strictly true, and that Mr. C. C. had notoriously utter'd several *Fibs* both of the State of *Drury-Lane*, and the *Manager* of it.

It may be object'd that Mr. C. C. and *myself*, and *others*, were very great *Scoundrels* to take such an Advantage of a Gentleman, being in a desperate Illness, and who had, at a vast Expence, purchas'd the Patent, and had redeem'd the *Hay-market Company* from the desperate State they labour'd under: Some added, that, not only taking such an Advantage was unjust, but that telling *Fibs* were more so.—But pray let me answer. ll Objectors. Are not in the transacting all *State Affairs* between *Kings* and *Potentates* all advantageous Opportunities to be taken? Does not *Policy* require, when any Thing offers which may prove beneficial, that without any Qualm of *Conscience*, the *Prime M—* of any Kingdom is to make Use of it, be it never so *unjust* or *detrimental* to a *Rival Power*? Suppose the taking of *Carthage*, or even the Island of *Cuba* would break the haughty Heart of the *Queen of Spain*, Is our Ministry to desist gaining Part of her Dominions for Fear of being the Death of her?

her? — Not many People would think so: —
 Though perhaps that *tender-heartedness* of the
M——r may be the Reason why Admiral *Vernon*
 was not supported with *Land-Forces*. —
 But — *Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*. — Then, Sir,
 as for telling a few *Fibs*, what mighty Matter is
 there in that, when the *Fibs* may go a great Way
 to carry the Cause? In all caballing, theatrical or
 political *Fibs* are the most Essential requisite; and
 moreover is known in *Fibbing* you must *fib*
 roundly: If it is not discovered, you, ten to one,
 impose on those you represent the State of the Case
 to, and carry your Views: And if you are disco-
 ver'd, 'tis only pleading that you yourself have been
 impos'd on by 17 others: Were all the *Fibbers* in a
 Court to take Shame to themselves for practising
 such an Art, we might soon see some very great
 Men in Disgrace: Then why may not the *Fibbers*
 (or *--ibbers*) of a Theatre take the same Scheme,
 without any Reflection of Scandal. I am so far
 from my thinking an Excellence in this Practice
 is any Reproach, that as for my Part I value myself
 on it mightily, and intend, for the publick Good,
 to write an *Essay* on the *Art of Fibbing*, which I
 design to publish next Winter by Subscription.
 But a thorough Answer to all moral Objections,
 is mine and Mr. *Colley Cibber's Philosophy*; if our
Conscience can away with it, we may lay our
 Hands to our honest Hearts, and vow we have
 acted like Men of *Honour*; and who can gainsay
 us? —

The Reader, now acquainted with these Anec-
 dotes concerning Mr. *Colley Cibber*, may if they
 have read his Apology, account not only for his
 political Essays on the Stage, his *chimærical*
 Thoughts for the Improvement of it, but also for

so true a Publication of it at the Time he was soliciting a new Licence. As I am a candid Historian, I will not conceal some Remarks which I have heard made when his *History* and his *Conduct* have been compar'd, as if they were *inconsistent* with one another : He is said, throughout his *Apology*, to have endeavour'd to prove, that the *Multiplicity* of *Theatres* is contrary to the useful Consequences which may accrue from a well-govern'd Stage — True — * “ I know it is a common Opinion, says he, that the more Play-houses the more Emulation : I grant it ; but what has this Emulation ended in ? Why a daily Contention, who shall surfeit you with the best Plays ? So that when what *ought* to please can no longer please, your Appetite is again to be rais'd by such monstrous Presentations as dishonour the Taste of a civiliz'd People. If indeed to our several Theatres we could raise a proportionable Number of good Authors, to give them all different Employment, then perhaps the Publick might profit from their Emulation : But while good Writers are so scarce, and undaunted Criticks so plenty, I am afraid a good Play and a blazing Star, will be equal Rarities.” — This has been urg'd as a Reason why Mr. Colley Cibber should not have solicited a Licence to have set up a new Company, and that it was against his own Maxims : But pray not so fast : He remains in this Opinion still against the Multiplicity of Play-houses in the Main ; and if he had set up another, it would have been only *in ordine ad*, to have ruin'd Mr. Fleetwood's Company, and to have reduc'd the Number to *two* again :

* C. Cibber's Apology, p. 56.

again : To affect this, he is such a Judge of *Taste*, he would have given no monstrous *Presentations*, but such as might have done an *Honour* to a civiliz'd People : But then say you, this, he says himself, could not be done without good *Authors* ; and good *Writers* are very scarce. — They are so, but would there not have been HIMSELF and MYSELF to have entertain'd the Town, so that all these futile *Objections* fall to the Ground. Again, says Mr. *Objector*, after Mr. *Colley* has enter'd himself a *voluntary Champion* for restraining the Number of Playhouses, and given the *Publick* a *Pourtrait* of his *Mind*, to let them see how far he is or is not a *Blockhead*, when he pretends to talk of *serious Matters* above his *Capacity*, he thus strengthens his *Arguments* ; “ And now we have seen the
 “ Consequence of what many People contend for,
 “ Variety of Play-houses ! How was it possible so
 “ many could subsist on what was to be seen ?
 “ How could the same Stock of Plays supply four
 “ Theatres, which could not well support two ? —
 “ Had this Law been made seven Years ago, I should
 “ not have parted with my Share in the Patent
 “ under a thousand Pounds more than I receiv'd
 “ for it. — So that as far as I am able to judge,
 “ both the *Publick*, as *Spectators*, and the *Patentees* as *Undertakers*, are, or might be in a
 “ Way of being better entertain'd, and more
 “ considerable *Gainers* by it.” All this amounts to no more, than as this Law prohibits an *unlicens'd* Number of Playhouses, the Value of the Direction of a *Theatre* may increase, and that Mr. *Colley Cibber* might have been a very considerable *Gainer*, if he obtain'd a *Licence* to have been an *Undertaker* of another : We had such sanguine Hopes of Success, that we had fix'd on the Place to have

encamp'd in, and have open'd our Campaign : It was the *Opera-house* in the *Hay-market*, where the *Revolters* of his own Time fix'd, but which he would have had alter'd to the Plan of *Drury Lane* ; this is hinted at in several Parts of the *Apology* ; but in Page 184, he proves it a proper Spot, and the Hopes that such a Project might succeed, " From
 " the vast Increase of the Buildings [*Grosvenor-*
 " *Square, &c.*] I have mention'd, the Situation
 " of that Theatre has receiv'd considerable Ad-
 " vantages ; a new World of People of Condition
 " are nearer to it than formerly ; and I am of Opini-
 " on that if the Auditory Part were reduc'd, a
 " little more to that of the Model of *Drury-Lane*,
 " an excellent Company of Actors would now
 " find a better Account in it, than in any other
 " House in this populous City. Let me not be
 " mistaken ; I say an excellent Company, and
 " such as might be able to do Justice to the best
 " Plays, and throw those latent Beauties in
 " them, which only excellent Authors can dis-
 " cover, or give Life to : If such a Company
 " were now, there they would meet with a quite
 " different Set of Auditors than other Theatres
 " have been lately us'd to. " — Here, in his own
 Words, you have the *Ground-Work* of our Scheme :
 And who is there can doubt, but under *his* Direc-
 tion and *mine*, the *Morals* of a Theatre must have
 been reform'd, for what by our *known Virtues*, and
 experienc'd *Knowledge* of *Goodbreeding*, we should
 have made our Theatre the School of *Manners*,
Virtue, and *Politeness*. — For has he not in his *
Chimærical Thoughts of making the Stage useful,
built a Theatre in the Air, to prove † his Concern
 that

* Chap. II.

† *Apology*, p. 24.

that the Theatres have not a better Pretence to the
 Care and further Consideration of those Governments
 where they are tolerated. ——— There WAS a Time,
 adds he, and not yet out of many Peoples Memory,
 when it subsisted upon its own rational Labours; when
 even Success attended an Attempt to reduce it to De-
 cency; and when Actors themselves were hardy enough
 to hazard their Interest in the Pursuit of so dangerous
 a Reformation. ——— Now as all know what WAS
 may be again, we flatter'd ourselves that we
 should have brought about a theatric Reforma-
 tion: And more especially from the Publication of
 the *Apology*, having laboriously and zealously shewn
 in it, what “* Regard was always paid to the
 “ Power of a Lord Chamberlain, and what Inflü-
 “ ence and Operation that Power must naturally
 “ have in all theatric Revolutions. ” ———

*But oh! thou curst, inconstant, fickle — B—ch;
 Thou Strumpet Deity, FORTUNA high;
 Thou, thou with painted Looks and Eyes alluring,
 Who smil'd delusive on my fairest Hopes;
 Just, just upon the Brink of full Enjoyment,
 With jilting Mein thou turn'st thy Backside on me,
 And smil'st' indignant at my aim'd Embrace!
 Curse on my wayward Fate! — Curse on my Stars! —
 Under what Star theatric was I born? ———
 Ye Gods! why gave ye to me such a Soul
 That swells and pants with such ambitious Throws,
 Yet Torture it with Disappointments vile?
 Fl—!s superior Genius has undone me;
 HE, Eagle, like, o'er me — a meer Tom Tit. —
 Tow'rs 'yond my Sight, and mocks my aching View—
 ——— But it is Well ——— Anon, and yet anon
 The Goddess, Fair Occasion, call'd, may smile,
 And*

*And I will catch her by her Forelock fast;
For so the Fair is gain'd: — And so I sink
Into the colder Thoughts of mild Philosophy.* —

— Oh! gentle Reader, excuse this heroic Agitation of my Soul; the Thoughts of what I am going to tell you, *hit the Cause that touch'd my Brain*, and threw me into this passionate Rhapsody. After all our Hopes, after all our Negotiations, Sollicitations, Representations, Lucubrations, and Apologies, the Theatre Colley Cibber built in the Air, must still remain in Nubibus, though † it was in a much better Taste than any he had seen; and we have only now Leave to play with the Project in Fancy. — In plain English, my Lord Chamberlain denied us a License, on so foolish a Reason (begging my Lord's Pardon for the Expression) as, he would not consent, without any Foundation of Reason, for us to invade a Gentleman's Property: But my Lord has another Way of thinking, as to moral Obligations, than C—y C—r; and however he may approve of him as an entertaining Companion; he has no Opinion of him as a Moral Philosopher. It is not becoming in me to call his Grace's Parts into Question; nor do I: They are above the Description of my Pen, though that can sometimes soar such Heights, as may be beyond the Ken of common Understanding. But I may ask this digressive Question, *What is PROPERTY?* It is merely having the Possession of a Thing, which Possession gives a just Right to it till dispossest'd thereof: For as Possession is universally allowed to be Nine Parts of the Law out of Ten, it is to be supposed it is nine parts of Justice out of Ten; and consequently should be the Balance of every Man's Actions. — As for Instance, If a Tradesman, viz. a Woollen Draper,

* C. Cibber's Apology, p. 268.

Draper, Haberdasher, Mercer, Laceman, &c. had particular Goods in their Shops, their Goods during that Time are their Properties: They are so. Well, the Taylor purchases some of them from the several Shops, and they become *his*. Now if I order the Taylor from those Goods to make me a handsome Suit of Cloaths, and he makes them and delivers them to *me*, will any one say they are the Property of the Woollen-Draper, Haberdasher, Laceman, &c. or Taylor? No, they are *mine*.

——— *Ay*, says Sir *Sneerer*, if you have paid for them. ——— *Ay*, Sir, if I have not paid for them too. — The Cloaths, *durante possessione*, are legally mine; and as my Property I wear them. — The Taylor indeed may bring his Action at Law; and then I play least in Sight; but I still wear the Cloaths. — He forces me to the Verge of the Law; I still wear the Cloaths; and, till he is able to beat me out of all my strong Holds, I make no Consideration of his Claim to them, or an Equivalent for them. — Property fluctuates and changes Masters: 'Tis a quick Inheritance:

Hæres Hæredem velut unda supervenit undam.

Forgive the Lowness of my Illustration, and making myself an Example: But Truth is Truth, however mean the Object may be that demonstrates it. If you would have a more elevated Idea, behold the fluctuating Property of the greatest Empires and Kingdoms of the World: Your *Medes* and your *Persians* are no longer govern'd by their *Cyrus's* and *Darius's* — *Alexander's* Family are not in Possession of the territorial Property which he himself took from others. — But why need I be prodigal of my historical Learning. — Does not the illustrious *Kouli Kan*, at this very Day,

Day, make the Dominions of the *Sopbi* of *Persia* his Property ; and has he not made the vast Riches and Provinces of the *Great Mogul* his Property ; and is he not meditating to make other Provinces of the *Ottoman* Empire his Property ? — But you say this is Injustice, and that he, in fact, is an Usurper. — A *Fico* for Distinction of Names ; while he is in Possession of his Territories, and at the Head of his Armies, he is a Prince. — I only wish I could be the *Kouli Kan* of the *Theatre*, and the *Mobile* might give me whatever Name or Title they pleas'd besides to distinguish me by. But do not our *European* Potentates act on the same Principle : If they can once gain Possession, by Fraud or Force, of a convenient Island, or Tract of Land, or Dominion, do they not think they have a just Right to it, and that it becomes their Property ? — Would any good *Englishman* doubt our indisputable Right to *Gibraltar*, *Minorca*, *Jamaica*, — or *Hispaniola* and all the *American World* if we could take them from the *Spaniards*, and afterwards keep them. — If, therefore I, either *Vi* or *Fraude*, could get any Part of the theatric Dominions, am I to blame ? — Or if I, the young Captain at Land, meeting with a rich trading Taylor, should plunder him of a laced Suit of Cloaths, why am I to be censured more than another Captain at Sea, who plunders a *Caracca* Ship ? O but, says my Opponent, I suppose — the publick Property of Nations, and the private Property of Subjects are differently to be considered — I am your humble Servant for that, my Dear : By my Philosophy I look upon the State of Nature as a State of War ; all is fair Play in this Scramble for the Goods of the World ; and I think myself, in this Respect, acting in as just Principle as any Potentate living.

Why

*Why was not I the Twentieth by Descent,
From a long restless Race of drooping Kings?
Ye Gods! why gave ye me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay?*

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

What a Bustle-Master General would I have made among the Princes of the World, and elbow'd all the Monarchs round about me.—But, *non sic Dū voluere*.—Therefore in mimic Parallel among the Plumes of Tragedy, and Struts of Ambition, I shew a Dawn of what, had I been a Prince, I should have acted.—

But to return from this Digression on Property. Our Hopes were frustrated, as to forming a new Company by the Sanction of a License from the Lord Chamberlain; and Mr. Colley Cibber's Ambition and private Views have the same Fate as mine.—He, indeed, may please himself with his Follies, having a plentiful Provision for Life, and still have the Joy he took in the End of an old Song.

My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me.

He like a loose Philosopher may again say,

*Me while my laughing Follies can deceive,
Blest in the dear Delirium let me live,
Rather than wisely know my Wants and grieve.* }

But, for my Part, I must again submit to return to the Stage a Servant instead of a Manager; which had I known some Weeks ago, this Apology had not, as yet, have been wrote, nor my Father's would not, as yet, have been published: But as I am drawn into this historical Narration of the Stage, which is, in fact, a true and necessary Appendix to his, I will make it as compleat

as possible ; for which Reason, I shall enter on another Chapter, that I may give the theatrical Characters of the principal Actors now living, not only as it will be in Mr. *Galley Gibber's* Manner, which I promis'd to follow in my Title Page, but, in fact, as this Apology will not be, *An historical View of the STAGE during my OWN TIME*, without them : The drawing Characters is the most difficult Province of an Historian ; and very few, either antient or modern, have succeeded in them : They who sneer at *Gibber's Apology* in general, approve of his characterizing his Co-temporaries ; they own the Draught is masterly, and the Colouring entertaining. I am sensible therefore how hard the Task must be to give the Pourtrait of living Players, when all the Town is acquainted with the Originals : However, as I am of a strong Opinion this Apology, as well as the other, may live to late Posterity, I am not willing my *Co-temporaries* should be buried in Oblivion ; and perhaps there may be no *Apologist theatrical* hardy enough to succeed me : My Friends of the Stage will therefore excuse my Manner, Partiality, and Expressions, and what they may not approve, as being too free, pass over with a Smile of Contempt ; for, to conclude, I shall be as free with Mr. *C. Gibber* and *myself* as any of them, whose Characters I shall draw up as Parallels to one another : As I have given you, Reader, the Bill of Fare of the next Chapter, it is in your own Option whether you will sit down to the Meal.

C H A P. XI, and Last.

The several theatrical Characters of some of the present Actors.——A Parallel between the Author and Mr. Colley Cibber.——The Conclusion.

AS I am now entering on a Province which is esteem'd the most difficult for an Historian to succeed in, I am under some Apprehensions that this Chapter may not only be the least entertaining, but may give Offence, when I have no Manner of Design that it should. To draw Characters requires not only a great Judgment but great Art, tho' you describe Persons that have lived some Years or Centuries before you write: But to draw the Characters of Persons living——*Hic Labor, hoc Opus est.*——Equally to avoid Flattery or Censure, and to keep strictly to a judicious Narration, is what few Historians have succeeded in at all; but to characterize your Cotemporaries, then living, requires such an honest Impartiality that still fewer have attempted it.—On these Considerations I would have wav'd giving any Characters of my theatrical Brethren; but on the Remonstrance of some Friends that my History would not be compleat without them, I must, in Part, enter on this arduous Undertaking: *Facta est Alea*, as *Cæsar* said,—*The Die is cast*,—*We'll pass the Rubicon*: Proceed I must and will; therefore in the Conclusion of this prefatory Paragraph I shall chuse the Motto of another great Man, *Fari quæ Sentiat*; and so, Mr. Reader, and Sir Actor, I hope you will peruse the Rest of this History with Candour, if my Pictures are such as you in Truth know them

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to be : For, as the *Gazetteer* says, “Most Writers
 “ seem to have it more in View to display their
 “ own Parts, or make their Court to the Person
 “ characteriz’d, to his Relations, Friends, and
 “ Dependants, than to draw him truly such as
 “ he was ; and of many such it may be said as
 “ was said of the Painter who excell’d in Colour-
 “ ing and Proportion, That his Pictures had e-
 “ very Excellence but *Likeness*.”—It may be
 wonder’d why I quote this Author ; but I am
 willing to pay all Deference to an Author who
 has been engaged in the same Cause with myself,
 and perhaps my *individual SELF* : I only wish my
 Pictures may have some Likeness, which will, I
 believe, atone for the Want of other Excellencies,
 presuming this Attempt may be neither disagree-
 able to the Curious, or the Frequenters of a The-
 atre, take it without any farther Preface.

In the Year 1740, the principal Actors, or
 whom I think the principal Actors, may be thus
 impartially and concisely pourtray’d.

As Tragedians claim, from their costly Plumes
 and Trappings, a Superiority of Merit over the
 Comedians, I shall begin with them ; and taking
 the Liberty of deviating from *Cicero*, *Salust*, *Clar-
 endon*, and all other Historians, except *Colley Cib-
 ber*, shall describe them just as I think proper.

Quin at *Drury-Lane* House, and *Delane* at *Co-
 vent-Garden*, are the *Personæ Dramatis* which are
 without Competitors : They both play the chief
 Characters in the same Cast, therefore I shall con-
 sider their different Characters together. *Quin*
 has been many Years on the Stage, and has gra-
 dually rose up to that Height of Reputation he at
 present enjoys : When *Drury-Lane* Theatre was
 under the Direction of the late Mr. *Rich*, he was

in the inferior Class ; and the *Lieutenant* of the *Tower* in *Gibber's* Alteration of *Richard the Third* was one of the principal Parts he perform'd : The Cast of several Plays in Print fully prove his Abilities were then thought but very insignificant ; however, on a new Company setting up at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, he was engag'd in it, and has ever since, but more especially on the Death of *Boheme*, gradually rose to a great Degree of Favour with the Publick : Mr. *Booth's* quitting the Stage still set him in a fairer Light, and indeed left him without a Rival : He had for some Time appear'd without any Competitor, when, all on a sudden, there appear'd at *Goodman's-Fields* a young Tragedian from *Dublin* : This was *Delane*. Novelty, Youth, a handsome Figure, &c. took off from any severe Criticism on his Elocution and Action. In short, though so far from the polite End of the Town, he drew to him several polite Audiences, and became in such a Degree of Repute, that Comparisons were made between him and *Quin* ; nor was he without Admirers of both Sexes who gave him the Preference : He was not insensible of this, and determin'd to leave *Goodman's-Fields*, and indulge his Ambition at one of the Theatres-Royal : *Quin* just at that Time left *Covent-Garden* for *Drury-Lane*, and he engag'd with Mr. *Rich* at *Covent-Garden* ; and in two or three Years on the Stage gain'd that Station on it which most of the other Actors could not in many Years attain to. *Quin* has the Character of a just Speaker, but then it is confin'd to the solemn declamatory Way : He either cannot work himself into the Emotions of a violent Passion, or he will not take the Fatigue of doing it : The Partiality of his Friends says he can touch the Passions with great Delicacy

if he will; but general Opinion affirms he has neither Power of Voice or Sensation to give Love or Pity, Grief or Remorse their proper Tone and Variation of Features. *Delane* is also esteemed a just Player; and though he has often a more loud Violence of Voice, yet, either from an Imitation of *Quin*, or his own natural Manner, he has a Sameness of Tone and Expression, and drawls out his Lines to a displeasing Length: But that loud Violence of Voice is useful to him when Anger, Indignation, or such enrag'd Passions are to be express'd; for the shrill Loudness marks the Passion, which the sweet Cadence of *Quin's* natural Voice is unequal to. In such Parts, especially *Alexander*, *Delane* pleases many; for the Million, as *C. C.* says, are apt to be transported when the Drum of the Ear is soundly rattled: But on the contrary, *Quin's* solemn Sameness of Pronunciation, which conveys an awful Dignity, is charmingly affecting in *Cato*. *Delane* is young enough to rise to greater Perfection; *Quin* may be said now to be at the Height of his: If *Delane* has the more pleasing Person, *Quin* has the more affecting Action: Both might soon appear with more Advantage if they were on the same Stage: The Rivalship of *Delane* would give a spirited Jealousy to *Quin*, and force him to exert himself; and *Quin's* Judgment would improve the unfinish'd Action of *Delane*; but they are the *Cæsar* and *Pompey* of the Theatre, and one Stage would be incompatible with their Ambition; *Quin* could bear no one on the Footing as an Equal, *Delane* no one as a Superior.

Milkward is an Actor with all the Happiness of Voice that can be imagin'd, and a Personage very well turn'd for the Lover or the Heroe; nor, when

when he is not indolently negligent, does he often betray a Want of Judgment : His Voice is sweet, with an uncommon Strength ; and in the Decadence of it, there is a Softness which adapts it to touch the Passions of Grief, Love, Pity, or Despair. In Comedy the Easiness of his Dialogue in the genteel Characters seems very amiable ; and though in his Action and Speech he does not imitate that quick snip-snap Catch of the late Mr. *Wilks*, to express Spirit and Vigour ; yet his Voice and Gesture show such a Vivacity as are the just Effects of Nature : In low Comedy he has been seen to succeed beyond Expectation ; and to speak all in a Word, according to Mr. *Gibber's* Description of *Mountford*, he is, or might be, the true Representative of him. "

Of Mr. *William Mills* I have said something in a preceding Chapter ; all I shall add here is, that he is not excellent in Tragedy, the Inanity of his Voice being unequal to the Swellings and Throws of the Sublime : In Comedy he succeeded to Mr. *Wilks's* Parts ; has caught something of his Catch in the Voice ; is always very busy on the Stage ; and, what all Actors ought to value themselves upon, very perfect. "

Griffin and *Joe Miller* being dead, I shall give no Descriptions of them, nor of those who have succeeded to their Parts ; for if I should speak of their Excellencies, I should be tempted to mention the comparative Inequality of their Successors. — Like the great *Apologist's* Method of treating *Verbruggen*, *Keen*, *Boheme*, &c. &c. &c. I shall pass over the Rest of the present Players as Princes of petty Fame : I shall therefore only speak of two Actresses, and Myself, and *Colley Cibber* in Parallel.

Mrs. *Clive* is esteem'd by all an excellent Comic Actress; and as she has a prodigious Fund of natural Spirit and Humour off the Stage, she makes the most of the Poet's on it. Nothing, though ever so barren, even though it exceeds the Limits of Nature, can be flat in her Hands: She heightens all Characters of Humour she attempts; nor is she confined only to the *Hoyden* Miss or pert Chambermaid, but in spiritous gay Characters of high Life, she always appears with such Air, Mein, and Action, as speak the Gay, the Lively, and the Desirable. She has been, by Persons who remember both, compared to Mrs. *Mountford*; and, by their natural Talents for the Stage, I am apt to believe the Comparison not unjust: I must however observe, Mrs. *Mountford* appear'd with great Success, *en Cavalier*, and made an adroit pretty Fellow: Mrs. *Clive* does not appear in these Characters, the concealing Petticoat better suiting with her Turn of Make than the Breeches: It is not from want of Spirit or Judgment to hit off the Fop or the Coxcomb, as she has evidently prov'd in the Ballad she Sings, call'd the *Life of a Beau*, in which her Action and Gesture is as pleasing as in any Part she performs: I could wish she would never attempt serious Characters in Comedy; and to resign the Part of *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, in which she is very unequal to herself: — Yet all will allow, that *take her all in all*, she has such Talents as make her an excellent Actress.

Though Mrs. *Clive* is by far the most excellent Actress of the *Drury-Lane* Company, and to speak out the severe Judgment of experienc'd Criticks, the only Actress who has any *Excellence* in it, yet she has a Competitor in Fame at *Covent-Garden*: Mrs. *Horton* stands in the same Degree of Superiority

periority on this latter Stage, as Mrs. *Clive* does on the former; but I must observe, that their Talents, Manner, Air, Gesture, and Cast of Parts are very different.

Mrs. *Horton*, though past the *heyday* of her Beauty, yet betrays so little decay of Youth, that an *inexpressible* *Somewhat* in her Air, Face, and Mein throws out such a Glow of Health and Chearfulness, that, on the Stage, few Spectators that are not past it, can behold her without *Desire*; and, in the Fullness of my Heart I may venture to confess, that the *Desirable* is so predominant in her that my Soul has a *Taste* or *Tender* for Mrs. *Horton*. To speak critically of her as an Actress, in all Parts of a gay Impertinent, or the *Coquette*, she has all the Female Foppery that a giddy, lively, fantastick Creature can be affected with. — The Language, Dress, Motion, and Manners of a *Millamant* seem naturally her own; and I may say of her, what the great *Apologist* said of Mrs. *Bracegirdle* in that Part; that “* when she acts *Millamant*, all the Faults, Follies, and Affectation of that agreeable Tyrant were venially melted down into so many Charms and Attractions of a conscious Beauty.” — But besides these Foibles of the Fair Sex, she can rise into the decent Dignity of a fine Lady, and charm with the innocent Reserve of an *Indiana*, as by the fluttering *Je ne sçai quoy* of a *Millamant*. In Tragedy, since the Death of Mrs. *Hallam*, she stands without any equal Competitor; for she has that Grace in her Presence, that clear Melody in her Voice, with Strength enough to express the Violence of some Passions, and Softness to subside into the

the Harmony of others, that no Actress now performing on either Stage can, in this Light, be compared to her. — There are some indeed, at both Houses, who *throw out some Proffers of a Genius*, yet cannot be rank'd in any Degree of *Perfection*; for either they heavily drag the Sentiment along, with a long-ton'd Voice, absent Eye, and Inanity of Gesture, or else with an impetuous Velocity of Voice, staring Eye, and unmeaning Superfluity of Action, *make the Performance come out oddly disguis'd, or somewhere defectively unsurprising to the Hearer*.

— As I mention no particular Persons, no particular Persons can take Offence: In Justice to my own Judgment I must acknowledge, that I unwillingly acquiesce in the Observation of many Judges, that the *two Theatres* never had, at any Time, so indifferent a Set of *Actresses* as at present; and among the younger *Actresses* I have not seen one who has shewn the least Genius for the Stage, which may ever make its Way towards Perfection. It may seem a Matter of Wonder to some, why they who have been excellent in a Theatre, as *Cibber*, *Wilks*, and *Booth*, did not bring up young Actors to succeed them; and this was indeed objected to their Administration: — “* And this,” says the *Apologist*, was a Matter as easy as planting so many Cabbages.” — True it is, indeed, good Actors and good Cabbages are not with equal Plenty produced: However, if there is a *natural Materia* in the *Actor* as there is in the *Cabbage*, I can see no Reason why he should not sprout as well as the Cabbage: Indeed he will afterwards require some Care to bring him to Perfection; so does the Cabbage: *This cannot do without the en-*
livening

* C. Cibber's Apology. p. 324.

livening Warmth of the Sun, and the young Actor requires to be chear'd by such little Parts as may gain him some little Applause; for * *Publick Approbation is the warm Weather of a theatrical Plant.*

—But it seems this would be too much Trouble for our theatrical Gardiners; they were not for turning *Nursery Men* of dramatick Cabbages, but to have bought them at Market; for, says the *metaphorical Apologist*, “† Let it be our Excuse” then for that mistaken Charge against us, that “since there was no Garden or Market where accomplish'd Actors grew, or were to be sold, “we could only pick them up by Chance.” —

As for myself, I was a young *Sprout* from so admirable a *Stem*, that Nature threw out in me several Perfections, which I may rather call hereditary than acquired; and whether I am considered in a theatrical, poetical, political, or moral Capacity, the Reader will observe, through the Course of this History, there is some Truth in my Motto. — *Sequiturque Patrem*—Though through Modesty I am forc'd to add, *non passibus Æquis*, which give me Leave to render into a paraphrastick Couplet. —

*His Father's Steps he follows to be great,
But not with equal Pace or equal Fate.*

Some future Historian may thus write of us: The Father indeed had more of the *Sal Atticum* in his Genius, but then the Son excell'd him in an open hardy Confidence of Behaviour: COLLEY's Conduct in Life was more on the Reserve than THE's; but by THE's making a Bustle in the World, he shew'd a superior Greatness of Soul: COLLEY had the cool Calmness of a designing Courtier;

* C. Gibber's Apology, p. 157.

† Ditto 324.

Courtier ; THE' the frank rash Spirit of a young Captain ; The Father was the greater Hypocrite, the Son was the greater Madman. — COLLEY render'd himself remarkable by his *Fopperies*, THE' by his *Extravagancies* : Yet their private Virtues, publick Modesty, and Sentiments of Morality were, in fact, in the one and the other the same, though their publick Conduct was extremely different. — COLLEY had rather *be* immoral than be esteem'd so ; THE' thought it more Glory, the more he acquir'd the Character of being so. — The Reputation of the one was only founded on private Rumour, but that of the other is on publick Record. In short, the Father had few Equals, the Son not one.

Having brought the History of the Stage down from the Time my Father left it to the present Vacation, 1740, I can only add, after my Exploits, Hopes, and Ambition, I must return to Mr. Rich, as an hired Actor, and wait in dudgeon some more favourable Opportunity to make my Attempts on the theatric Dominions more successful : However those Attempts occasion'd this Apology, which will transmit my Name and Character to late Posterity ; and I may conclude as *Ovid* does :

*Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis Ira nec Ignes
Terram nec poterit nec Edax abolere Vetustas, &c.*

*And now I've done a Work which neither JOVE,
Nor all his Wrath, nor Thunderbolts above,
Nor ruthful Steel, nor all-devouring Time,
Shall e'er destroy this History sublime.*

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